

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## CONFIDENCE, BUT ALSO CARE.

**A**LTHOUGH the war has not yet passed its initial stages the last few days have witnessed a remarkable though quiet growth of confidence in Great Britain. To this many sources have contributed. Great Britain when confronted with a great crisis has not often shown herself ready to cope with it. As Lord Rosebery pointed out at the beginning of the South African War, England has usually "muddled through" after having neglected the precautions dictated by prudence. But for once the country has not been caught unprepared. The Navy was ready before it was called on, and the mobilisation of the Army has been carried out with a smoothness and celerity never before attained. The financial re-arrangements for the nation have been excellently contrived and made. After a brief period of inconvenience the financial stringency has been removed, and the Bank of England has been able to reduce its rate of interest to five per cent. Further, the brave little nation of Belgium has demonstrated beyond the admission of a doubt that an efficient though numerically small army can defend fortifications so as to retard the most formidable advance. Obviously, if Germany is ever able to get through Belgium it will only be by fighting all the way. French reinforcements are already assisting King Albert to defend his country, and every day will increase their number. It has been made absolutely impossible for Germany to deliver that sudden and knock-out blow which was necessary to relieve her troops so that they might be available to repel the Russian invasion. The effect of all these causes has been deepened by the ineptitude—to give it no harsher name—of the Kaiser and his advisers. They have adopted the brutality of Bismarck's method without inheriting his skill and cunning. They have founded their policy on his traditions, but though they copy the letter they do not enter into the spirit. It was essential to their success that

Italy should be kept within the Triple Alliance, and that Britain should be neutral and isolated. In both attempts they have failed signally. The increased cordiality between the people of Great Britain and the people of Italy is based on a recognition that in this case Germany is an ambitious and crude aggressor. His own ill-informed subjects may believe the Kaiser when he tells them daily that Germany fights only in self-defence, and that the sword has been forced into her hand, but nobody else can do so. All the various parties at home, all the independent countries abroad agree in denouncing Germany as the prime and active cause of this war. Kaiser William's calculations were based on British repugnance to war and a belief that Russia and France were not yet prepared. Besides, he is so inflated with pride in his army that he deemed it unconquerable. Why else did he try to carry the Liège forts by a frontal attack, as though the bodies of his soldiers were immune from the effects of modern artillery?

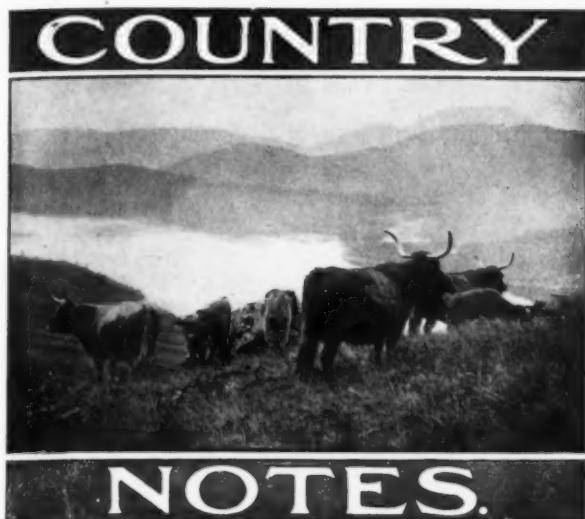
But, although these considerations strengthen the hope of victory, it would be untrue to say that they remove, or even seriously diminish, anxiety. The conditions under which the war is carried on preclude that. It was recognised during the South African War that the newspaper correspondent could no longer be allowed at the front, and his vocation was practically abolished during the struggle between Russia and Japan. A very strict censorship is now regarded as essential. Thus a curtain of silence is drawn over the seat of war. No information about the disposition of troops or their movements is vouchsafed to the public. The great ships of the Fleet move off as though into a thick mist, and we cannot even on the map, follow their movements. Only at intervals do the figures of fighting men or chasing ships emerge. By experience we are learning what were the anxieties of our forefathers in the time of Nelson and Wellington. Only since their day causes of apprehension have been deepened by the discovery of submarines, aeroplanes, torpedoes and other inventions that add to the danger and uncertainties of war. They also intensify the suspense about the fate of individuals at the front.

Hardly less important is the knowledge that a war of this kind must inevitably lead to privation among the poor and sad vicissitudes of fortune among those who are better off. It must ruin some trades for a time or for ever, and disorganise others. Add to this that no one can make an approximate forecast of its duration. The Germans hoped to get it soon over, and it is their interest to do so, since the feeding of so immense an army must tax even their vast resources. But this matter is out of their hands. It would be idle to base any calculation on the fact that they have been checked at the outset. They are a stubborn and determined people who will not give in till they are forced to. Yet every day makes it more apparent that the odds are strongly against them. Russia, France and Great Britain—to say nothing of the smaller nationalities—make a combination too strong for Germany. But, as we have said, the army of the Kaiser will require some beating. In the interval the non-combatants will have a time of great trial, during which we may expect food to become scarce, while unemployment must increase and business hitherto lucrative will be ruined. It is best to look the facts squarely in the face and take them at their worst rather than at their best. What can be done to alleviate the situation? In the first place, we are all in the same boat, and must stand shoulder to shoulder; in the second, it behoves everyone to do what he can for others as well as himself. The rich ought to live more sparingly, so that they may not consume food that might otherwise be available for the poor. Let it be fully understood that indulgence in luxury is not only a foolishness, but a crime. Both rich and poor must husband their resources and do whatever they can to supplement and increase the supply of food. If every vacant corner of earth is made to grow what it can possibly grow, a great deal will have been added to our supply, and, therefore, our resources.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

**O**UR portrait this week is of Lady Beatty, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B. M.V.O., D.S.O., who has placed her yacht, Sheelah, at the disposal of the Government for hospital purposes.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.



FOR some time to come it is evident that the war must completely dominate every other newspaper topic in interest. Men and women, alike as citizens of a great Empire whose very existence is threatened and as units in a family bound by a hundred fond and delicate ties to those who are for their country's sake risking life by land and sea, seek first of all for the war news of the day. Just now they have eyes and ears for nothing else, but a time must come when this will not be sufficient. The war, till it be ended, will hold the highest place, but under the strict censorship imposed on every army and every country, news will be issued only when there is something of importance to record. Long, dull intervals must come between when the warmest sympathisers must require distraction and relief. After the matter has been considered from this point of view, it has been concluded that the interests of our readers will best be consulted by our weekly presentation to them of the leading home topics of the country. The war will not be ignored, but our main business will be to provide a paper that will come as a rest to the busy and a relief to the overburdened.

Already warfare, if it has brought discomfort, is also teaching us lessons not less valuable because they are stern. The first and greatest is, that at a time of crisis we must help one another. Politicians began by setting an excellent example in this respect, because they laid aside their personal predilections and voted as one man for the good of the country; in other words, they helped the Ministers to carry through their policy. Mr. Redmond helped as the spokesman of Ireland, who it never will be forgotten at the hour of need came to the help of Great Britain. So have the Colonies, and so have the United States, in so far as they are permitted by their neutrality. What great companies of men have done individuals must do also. In order to carry our enterprise to a successful conclusion there must be sacrifices on the part of those who possess animals or machines needful for military work. When they are deprived of these, it should be the business of their friends to make up for the loss as far as they can by kindly help and co-operation. If this were done on a great scale, it would tend in an infinite degree to the blending and uniting of the whole people into one family, and standing together in this way the inhabitants of Great Britain may face the future without anxiety and without fear.

Canada has set a splendid example of helpfulness by offering to send a million sacks of flour. The use to which they are to be put is not specified, but two alternative methods immediately suggest themselves. One is that they should be given to the poor, so as to make them independent of those selfish people who are endeavouring to stock food, and thereby doing their best to create a panic. Incidentally, we may refer to the case of one lady which was brought before us. She purchased no fewer than twenty sides of bacon, being the entire stock of the chief provision merchant in the little town where she lives. If this sort of thing were to go on to any great extent the poor would have a legitimate grievance. The alternative suggestion about the flour is that it should be given to the Army for the purpose of feeding our soldiers. That is an excellent idea, and it would have the

advantage of avoiding the misapplication and the waste which very often accompany the free distribution of goods or money.

Before these pages appear in print it is probable that a strong but very necessary step may be taken to prevent the slaughter of calves. A self-denying ordinance ought to be enforced by consumers themselves to the effect that they will eat no veal till the war is over. The calf is a potential fat beast, and the country has plenty of feeding stuff, green and otherwise, to produce that result. It is therefore fearfully bad economy and a waste of the national resources to slaughter calves in the initial stages. We understand that a short measure has been prepared for the purpose of restraining graziers and butchers from doing so, and it is to be hoped that the newly appointed chief of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Lucas, will use all his influence to induce Parliament to pass the Bill immediately. The measure would be on all fours with the single clause Bill introduced by Mr. Runciman into the House of Commons on Saturday to deal with the unreasonable withholding of food stuffs. The Minister for the Board of Trade assured the House that "cornering" is not going on to any great extent, but the circumstances justify a resolute attempt to make it altogether impossible. Anyone so base as to endeavour to make money out of the necessities of his country ought to be summarily dealt with.

Those who are in the occupation of large or small plots of ground owe it to the country to make them as productive as possible during the coming months. Although great trouble with the food supply is not anticipated, it is most essential that as little as possible should be left to chance. In other words, preparation should be made to meet any possible contingency. One of our gardening contributors elaborates and fully explains the proposal made last week by the Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society and Professor Keeble. They suggested that seeds should be sown in every portion of ground left vacant, and since then energetic steps have been taken for the purpose of stirring up cottagers and others to do this and to find seed for the purpose. What greatly favours the project is that the moist summer is very favourable for sowing and the rapid growth of such plants as carrots, turnips, onions and the various kinds of salading. It is not yet too late to sow field swedes in the garden, and probably they will yield the best return of any vegetable. For table use they are not required of the size they attain in the field, and, at any rate, they are very hardy and continue to make growth in all but the most severe weather.

#### AN ALPINE MEADOW.

God, the artist of the ages,  
Weary once of weaving rainbows,  
Gathered up the unwrought fragments,  
Countless fragments many-coloured,  
Rarer than the rarest jewels,  
Flung a lavish handful downward  
Where the mountain fastness waited—  
Sheer upon earth's windswept rampart,  
Girt about with towering pine-trees,  
Moated by the tameless torrent,  
Trodden by no foot of mortal—  
Meet to take and guard that treasure  
Until Love the fearless hunter  
Scale the dizzy steep to claim it.

ANGELA GORDON.

One method of using up surplus garden produce is to turn it into bacon. Meat was going up in price before the Declaration of War, and, though here as elsewhere there is no occasion for panic, the provision of butcher's meat threatens to be expensive in working-class families. They could reduce the amount required to a minimum by setting at once about the work of fattening a pig or even two pigs. In the gardens and allotments there are enough small potatoes and vegetable waste of one kind and another to feed the pig, with the addition of a little meal for fattening purposes. The man in the country, even if he had a large and young family, would be in a position to defy a famine if he had a garden full of vegetables and a kitchen hung with sides of bacon.

Allotment holders are not sufficiently alive to the value of a catch crop. In ordinary years it is not worth while bothering about it, because, although they could sow vetches or some other quick growing greenstuffs when their potatoes



are lifted, the difficulty is to get it eaten. The allotment holder very seldom has any live stock of his own worth speaking about, and the small extent of his ground does not tempt the farmer to hire it out. But things might be different in the coming winter. Towards the end of it those who are fattening sheep will be very glad of some green fodder, and there should be no difficulty whatever in disposing of it. The farmer has not set the example that was expected from him in the way of sowing catch crops. Here and there an intelligent and keen member of the class does take advantage of his opportunities in this respect, but the average man almost invariably fails to do so, and in consequence his labourers and labouring neighbours do not think about the matter or ever see that a little addition to the family income can be made in this way. Yet they might seek a lifetime for a better way of cleaning dirty land. The vetches come so thick as to smother the weeds below them, and this part of cultivation is completed when young sheep are folded and fed so that the land at the end of the season is both cleaned and manured for the next crop.

As germane to this subject, poor people may be reminded that their forefathers learned in hard times to make a considerable amount of provision out of wild fruits. At present the most easily come at and generally useful is the blackberry. Usually this fruit is gathered and sold immediately for what it will bring. But this is not the most economical use to make of it. A much better one is to preserve it for winter puddings. In rural England a hundred years ago and less it was the custom for poor people to serve the pudding first at dinner, and all the better if it were a boiled one with fruit. The reason of this seems to have been that fresh meat being very scarce, the thrifty goodwife produced this satisfying pudding first in order that the edge of appetite might be well taken off before the meat was assailed. Where there are many children there need not be much thought for anything else if a large fruit pudding is available.

The hedgerow yields other fruits that might be put to good use for winter provender. The best example is probably the crab apple. It is too sour to eat in its raw state, but country wives make uncommonly fine jelly of it, and they also have a way of preserving it with blackberries that provides them with an appetising jam for roly-polies. Other berries, where they are available, can also be preserved to advantage. The red rowanberries, which are usually left to the birds, can really be made into a beautiful preserve, and in the Midland rural districts the elderberry is still made to produce a wine that is almost equal to port. Where mushrooms are available ketchup is one of the most easily made comestibles, and than country made ketchup there is nothing better to eat with potatoes. The various other berries occur mostly in particular districts, and can be utilised each in its own locality.

At this season of the year, when schoolboys are having holiday, it must occur to the fathers of many of them how useful they could be to the military authorities. A considerable number have ponies and are in the habit of riding. These could be made doubly useful for employment in the nature of despatch-riding. A keen boy on a pony is really as useful as a man, and it is certain that the boys themselves would take even more delight in this real work than they do in scouting. The greatest benefit would arise from the fact that many adults, private soldiers and others whose services are now needed for this purpose, would be set free and they could do something else. Surely this is a great point to be gained in the midst of so much pressure. Our reference, of course, is to boys of fifteen and upwards who are in the higher forms at school. The experience would supply them with a little practical training which would be a very useful supplement to their school education.

At this juncture the example is to be commended of those rifle clubs which are encouraging non-combatants to practise shooting. When at war with a Great Power, we do not know what may happen. By some mischance a raiding soldiery might possibly find their way into this country, despite all the precautions taken to keep them out, and in that case those who are not in the military ranks might be called upon to volunteer for service. In any event, they would be all the better for attaining some skill with the rifle. The plan adopted in one club has been to admit all

comers free, and even not to charge for the first few rounds they fire, and to charge very lightly for those that follow. Shooting ought to be encouraged in every possible way, and this appears to be a profitable and practical method of putting precept into practice.

A very satisfactory intimation has been made by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to the effect that the amount of breadstuffs in the country at the present time is sufficient for five months. It would be interesting to know if the harvest is included in this or if the information is derived chiefly from the hundred and sixty principal millers in Great Britain who were consulted. The harvest has indeed arrived at a very critical stage. In the southern counties of England nearly all the oats are cut and in sheaf, and a good beginning has been made with the wheat. But for the past fortnight the weather has not been favourable to drying the crop. The farmer knows that if his grain is to command a top price on the market immediately it should be, to use his favourite expression, as hard as shot. That is why wheat is often exposed for a length of time that seems to invite injury by the weather's caprice. If it be not hard, it will neither thresh nor mill satisfactorily and does not command that top price which it is the farmer's ambition to reach.

#### THE FALLEN OAK.

(From the Italian.)

Where shade had fallen the oak fell dead  
To the earth, nor longer withstood the squall;  
The folk gathered round to see it fall.  
"Look now, what a giant it was!" they said.

Here and there the branches from overhead  
Were bearing nests that were built in spring;  
The folk gathered round to watch, in a ring.  
"Look now, what a beauty it was!" they said.

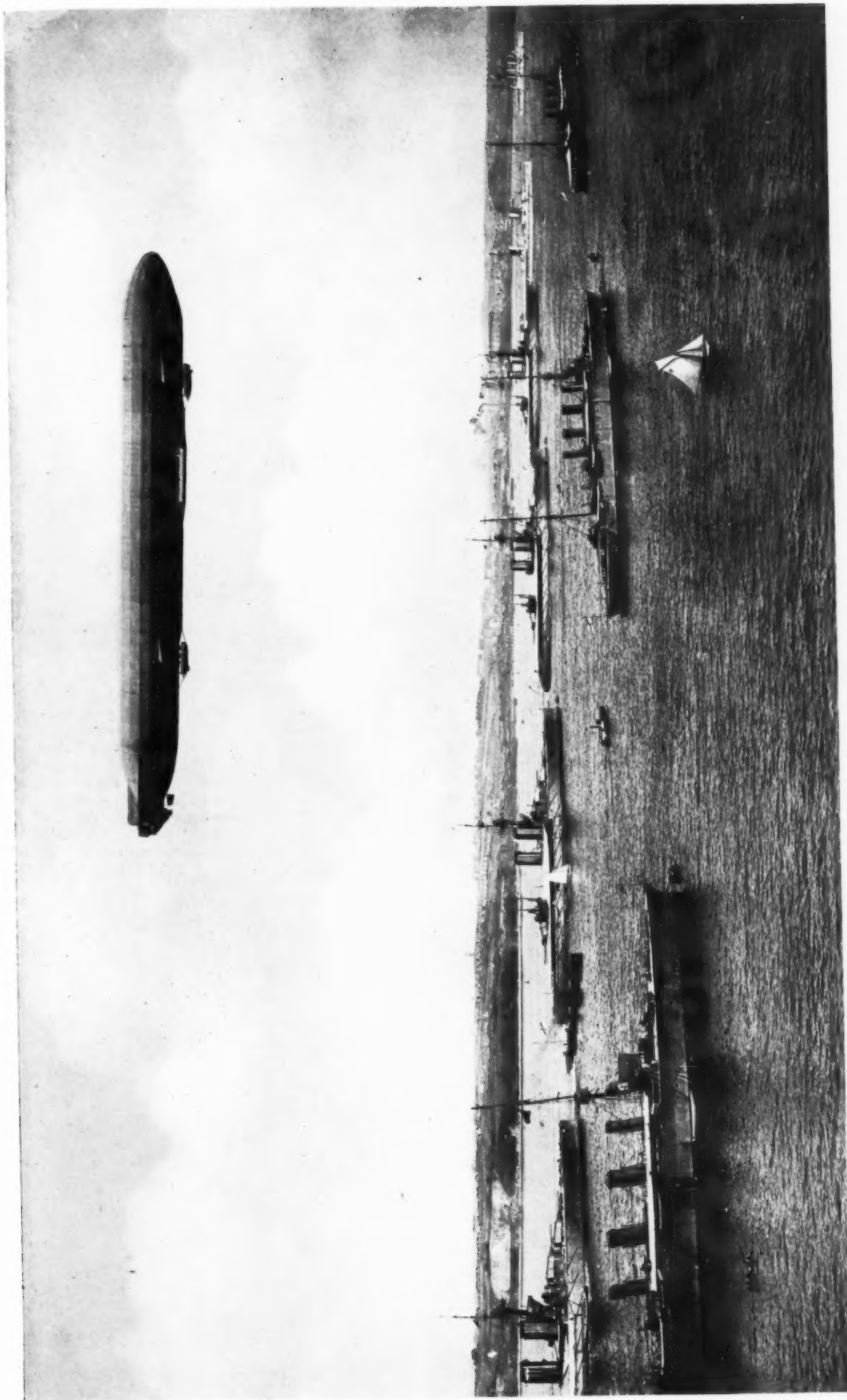
They praised the tree, but they cut it in twain,  
And each had a bundle of wood for his own;  
But in air was a plaint—a black-cap's moan  
For the nest that it never would find again.

J. B. TREND.

A little ingenuity might surely get over the difficulty arising out of the necessary commandeering of farm horses for military purposes. The farmer is not beaten so long as he has any horses left, but if they are all taken away he is in a fix indeed. It is regrettable to have to say that in some districts the whole of the horses have been taken from certain farms, while in other districts no call whatever has been made upon agricultural horses, although vanners have been unsparingly collected. When the attention of those responsible is directed to these proceedings, we feel sure that they will make arrangements more convenient to the persons affected. If they will leave a fair proportion of farm horses in each district and not clear them out of several neighbouring farms, the difficulty would be surmounted. Had the original plan been adhered to and the collection limited to 50 per cent. of light and 50 per cent. of heavy horses, there would have been no complaint.

One of the results of the military campaign on the Continent, the movements of great armies, the firing and general disturbance, is sure to be a considerable dispersal of birds, which are fortunate in the wings which can carry them out of the area of war and danger. It may be remembered that in the year of the Franco-German War, Great Britain, and especially the south-eastern counties which lie nearest to the Continent, were visited by numbers of avine species which are not commonly seen there. Chiefly they were of the predatory kinds, whose great wing power enables them to shift their quarters easily and quickly; but it rather seems also as if the increase of the hawfinch in this country took its date from, and had its source in, that disturbance of Europe's peace. Unhappily, the extent of warlike operations is morally certain to be far wider in the struggle which we are now engaged in than it was in that victorious campaign of Germany which culminated in the siege of Paris. The eviction from their normal haunts of the birds on the Continent will be on a similarly wide scale, and we may watch with interest for arrivals on our shores.





## IN KIEL HARBOUR.

This picture of Kiel Harbour is of the most extraordinary interest at the present moment. It was taken about June 30th, less than six weeks ago, and the ships shown are the Second Battle Squadron of the British Home Fleet, consisting of the battleships King George V., Centurion, Ajax, and Audacious, and the light cruisers Southampton, Birmingham and Nottingham, visiting the harbour in honour of the inauguration of the new locks by the Emperor William. By a remarkable coincidence the war decision was taken immediately Kiel Harbour was complete. There is evidence and to spare that while the Kaiser was dispensing hospitality to the British officers, he was already engaged knee deep in preparations for immediate war. The plan of campaign was in his pocket! The holiday in Norwegian Waters a mere blind.

## COLLECTING HORSES FOR THE ARMY IN A HUNTING COUNTRY.



GOING INTO THE DEPOT.

IT has been often said by those who wished to excuse or explain the smallness of the number of horses kept by us for Army purposes on the peace establishment that horse traction was superseded by that of the motor. That this may be so to a great extent is possibly true, but that the substitution is far from being complete has been brought home to everyone during the last few crowded days of mobilisation. From end to end of the country those in charge of such matters, aided by a host of voluntary workers, have been working at full pressure to get together the horses necessary to make up the difference between peace and war strength. Everywhere along the country road one meets horses, by twos and

threes, dozens and scores, being brought into the temporary depôts where they are to be taken over by the various units, packed into the waiting trains and despatched to the scene of action, either to cross the Channel or to horse those regiments or batteries which are gathering at various points for home defence. Certainly one has the evidence of sight that the day of the horse in war has not passed yet. How far this promiscuously and hurriedly gathered horse supply will answer its purposes remains to be seen. God grant that it may do all we hope for it.

I have to-day watched the loading of a trainful of horses, and, so far as the horses themselves go, little



A BRITISH GUN TEAM.

complaint could be made. They reflected the greatest credit upon those who under such pressure got them together. Being in a hunting country, some, as could clearly be seen, must in happier times have carried a man to hounds, and if appearance did not belie them, would do it well.

How many will ever hear again the sound of the horn was the thought that would intrude itself on the mind. Packed together in cattle trucks, eight horses to a truck, it seemed wonderful to the onlooker how quietly most of them took the unusual experience. It used to be the practice in so loading horses to place them head and tail, but now the rule is that the heads shall all face one way; this certainly does not allow of such close packing, but it may have its advantages. In most cases, once in, the horses take matters very quietly, and, when the journey is not of very long duration, should be little the worse for it. In a few cases of unusually big horses, the width of the truck was barely sufficient for them, but these were exceptions.

Taken as a whole, I suppose our Army is, so far as their regular horses go, horsed as well as any,

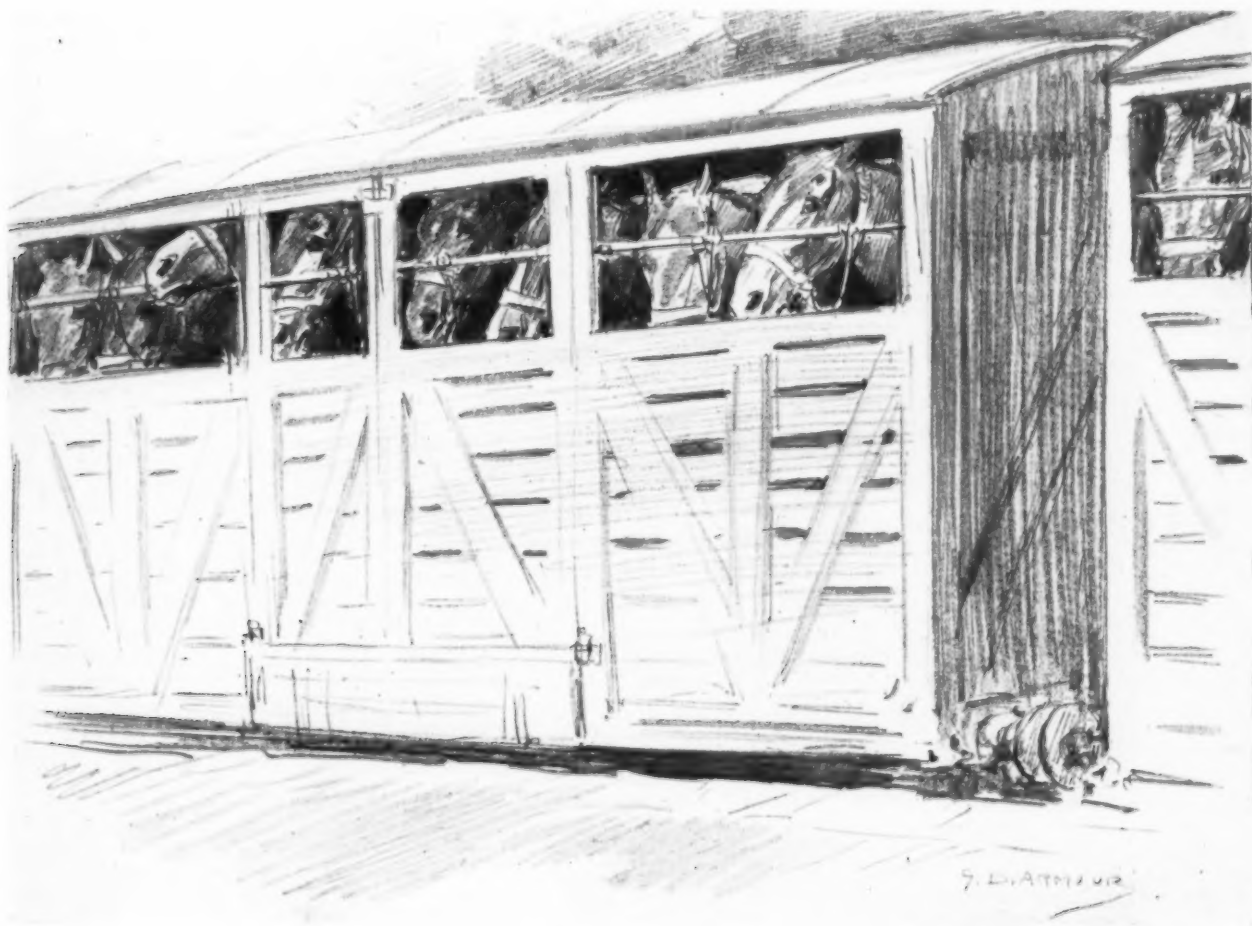
endurance and "roughing it" than larger ones, especially if they derive their smallness from having pony blood in them. As illustrating this, towards the latter part of the Boer War no one applying for a remount would take a horse of any kind if he could get a pony, however small, having proved that the pony could live where the horse would die. I take it that in all warfare this question is much the same; the horse has to do too much work on too little food, at least on irregular food, which amounts to the same thing. French Army horses, so far as I have observed, are of all kinds.

Our officers, I think it would be found, are probably better mounted than those of any Army in the world. The French officer nearly always rides a light class of thoroughbred horse, some bred in France, but a large number imported from this country, bought off the racecourse and elsewhere

and considering the small average price allowed, the regular buyers do their purchasing very well indeed. When put alongside many of the horses one sees in the hunting field, the Army horse looks small; but it is a well known thing among horsemen that small horses generally are capable of much more



AN UNWILLING TRAVELLER.



LOADED AND QUIET.



by dealers who make a speciality of this trade. What these blood horses are capable of in the way of jumping, etc., was lately dealt with in COUNTRY LIFE in reference to the Saumur

School for Cavalry; how they will stand a campaign remains to be seen, but many good judges swear by a "bit o' blood." G.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### STANDING UP OR SITTING DOWN.

**A**T first sight it may appear flippant and unseemly to be playing golf or talking about it at this moment. We may very well have no great inclination to do either; but it is important for everyone to keep well and fit for his work, whatever it may be, and to lead a sane and rational existence in which exercise plays a moderate part. It is a good thing, moreover, to take the mind, if possible, off gloomy and anxious matters, if even for the shortest time, and therefore one may hope not to be misunderstood if one continues to write about a game in the midst of tremendous issues.

It is possible to classify putters—the players, not the clubs—in innumerable different ways. There is, for example, the division into those two most unequal classes, the good putters and the bad putters. There is another that suggests itself to me on looking at the picture of that very excellent putter, Mr. Graham Murray, namely, the division into those who stand up to the ball and those who sit down to it. Most of us, being bad putters, are thoroughly dissatisfied with our methods. Half of the world that stands up to its putts envies the other half that stoops, with its nose close to the ball, thinking that the grovelling attitude looks so comfortable and confident and gives so much control over the club. Meanwhile, the grovelling half, painfully conscious of knees bent like those of an old cab horse, and elbows sticking out in every direction, envies the upstanding brigade its grace and freedom, its martial and defiant pose; it looks at a photograph of Mr. John Low and tears its hair in impotent anguish. It would be very foolish to assert that one way is necessarily right and the other necessarily wrong; but one may venture to note one or two points in regard to the question.

For one thing, it is rather interesting to observe that there are two classes of persons who stand up to their putts more than we do, and by "we" I mean the general ruck of male British golfers. These two classes are the Americans and the ladies, and both have been frequently stated to putt much better than we do: a statement of which I am personally inclined to admit the truth as regards the Americans, and to deny, totally and ungallantly, as regards the ladies. As regards the point of style, assuming that the generalisation is correct, some reason for it may be discerned in both cases. Ladies could hardly adopt a pronouncedly grovelling or straddling stance with the club gripped but a few inches above the head. It would be lamentably unbecoming, whereas most ladies, whether they hit the ball into the hole or not, look noticeably graceful and at ease upon the putting green. American golfers stand up to the ball, not for the sake of looks, but to some extent, I suspect, because they use aluminium putters, and in particular the Schenectady. The Schenectady is essentially a club which demands that the player should grip the leather and not the shaft, and should stand fairly upright. For some reason which is rather a mysterious one, nobody has ever succeeded in putting well in a crouching manner with the club made famous by Mr. Travis and Mr. Travers.

Whatever may have been the exact influence exerted by the Schenectady, the fact certainly remains that American golfers, as a race, hold their clubs near the top of the leather and stand very upright. We saw an extreme example in the styles of McDermott and Brady, two distinguished professionals who played in the Open Championship last year; both stood like soldiers on parade, bolt upright, with heels together, legs as stiff as ramrods. The feature of this style is that the player holds his body very stiff and very still, and trusts to the true swinging of the club by the wrists. On the whole, it may be said to be more generally effective than our more nondescript and happy-go-lucky methods, but it has, perhaps, this disadvantage, that it is not always a very good style in emergencies and difficulties.

This, or something like it, has been pointed out before, and by a much better critic; but it may fairly be answered that an upstanding style need not be a too mechanical and unadaptable one. Speaking as a confirmed and hopeless groveller of long experience, I honestly believe that it is far

easier to contract vicious habits in sitting down to the ball than in standing up to it.

No doubt it is possible to avoid these vices and yet get well down to the putt. I may again point to the picture of Mr. Graham Murray, who, with his little lofted cleek, is as deadly as need be. It will be seen that he has his nose very near the ground, and grips his club very far down the shaft, but both his legs and his arms are but little bent, and, mark the result, that he does not look in the least degree cramped; his knees and his elbows are not getting in the way. Of the many rules for putting which I have never been able to keep, I believe one of the soundest to be that the arms should hang fairly straight down from the shoulders. If we can do that, then I believe that we may grovel as much as we like. If one cannot, then we shall soon find ourselves tied into a hopeless knot and had better give up grovelling as a bad job and stand up like Grenadiers. B. D.

### AN AMERICAN PROPOSITION CONCERNING US CLOSELY.

THE golfing legislature of the United States seems likely to pass a measure very shortly which will make the definition of an amateur and of a professional still more different than it is now from the definition which governs golf in this country. It seems that there has been considerable dissatisfaction over there about the people who lay out courses for money and those who write articles on the game for money being allowed to play as amateurs. The authorities have been sending round to all the clubs in the country to learn their views on the point, and, so far as I have heard, out of some fifty clubs that have already handed in their responses, a considerable majority is in favour of denying amateur status to men who take money for either of the above evil deeds. Of course, it is not intended to throw any discredit on them thereby. The profession of golf is an honourable one. But they do not wish to have men who earn money out of a business rather closely connected with the game figuring in it as amateurs. They regard them as just a little tainted with professionalism.

### REASONS AGAINST THE PROPOSAL.

I think they are wrong. I should condemn myself as a professional if I were to approve of the measure. One has to realise, doubtless, that circumstances alter cases, and that the American case is not exactly our case, even in golf; but with the little knowledge of American golf that most of us in this country have now acquired, it is not easy to see how this necessity—which will amount to the ruling out of the amateur ranks of a considerable number of very good golfers and very good fellows—can have arisen out of their large local conditions. If we regard the question from our own point of view, looking rather to the spirit than to the letter, we must see, I think, that our loss would be great were we to pass any such rule or definition. Of myself, of course, I say nothing; but I do submit that the names of many writers on the game and of several admirable course constructors will occur readily to the mind of every one of us, whom we should be very sorry indeed not to welcome as amateurs in our club-houses and in our matches and competitions. No doubt the point is rather a nice one. Primarily, a man makes money out of course construction or out of writing about golf, not because of his skill in golf, but of his skill in course construction or in writing, as the case may be. It is true that one who has made for himself a great name in golf as a player is likely to command a higher price for his work in either department than one who is unknown: he may be presumed likely to know more about his subject; but we have triumphant witnesses to the fact that it is possible to be a very fine golfer and yet a very poor writer and a very bungling course constructor, for whose services, in either of those occupations, no sensible person would dispense large payment.

### THE QUESTION STILL UNDECIDED.

The question is by no means a settled one in the States. It is by no means certain that the proposed legislation will pass. The majority, however, of the fifty clubs already canvassed is significant of the general trend of American opinion, and the very fact that this majority has been made public is likely to influence others to vote the same way. There is much in a strong lead. But there are some powerful agencies opposed to it. I do not know yet what line Mr. Max Behr, who is editor of *Golf Illustrated* of America, will take, but *Town and Country*, the weekly paper edited by Mr. H. J. Whigham, has a leading article dead against the proposed change, and for much the same reasons, which appear forcible ones to me, for our home consumption. So that is how the matter rests for the moment: the responses continue coming in. If they should maintain the present ratio in favour of exclusion from the ranks of amateurs of men who follow either the course making or the golf writing trade for money, then either these trades will lose heavily by the withdrawal from them of many of the most competent of their followers, or golf will lose largely by their withdrawal from the ranks of amateurs. And at the same time International golf between our two countries will become more difficult, by reason of the prohibition of several of our best amateurs from going to America for any amateur matches in competitions. Great Britain will watch with some little anxiety the outcome of this movement in American golf. H. G. H.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### "MAY ON THE MACHAIR."

ONE of the peculiarities of the "Long Island," which stretches from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head, is that, while the inner coastline, with its low, rocky shore, defies any further inroads of the sea, the outer side has actually gained many acres from the Atlantic. Near high water mark these acres consist of a frontage of piled up sandhills, blown by many a gale into irregular shapes and covered with coarse marram grass. But behind this barrier time and weather have levelled and consolidated the ground into firm, rolling plains of considerable extent, covered with a short, crisp turf, from which in summer there springs a blazing carpet of wild flowers. May is, of course, too early for these, and the "Machair"—as these sandy plains are called—is not at its best, from a botanical point of view, till July is in, though daisies whiten the ground and the milkwort is just beginning to appear, and on the saltings close by the blush of acres of budding thrift is already to be seen.

But even in May the "Machair" is not without interest, for the bird life is extraordinary. Not that it offers a very large number of different kinds of birds, but rather the interest arises from the fact that the few kinds present are represented by such multitudes of individuals. First, as typical birds of the open "Machair," come the skylarks, whose chorus on a fine, still morning fills the air with an amazing wealth of sound. The sandy nature of the ground makes drainage difficult in the hollows, and these silt up into swamps, where ducks, coots, waterhens and corncrakes find a home. Dunlins, too, and peewits are there in hundreds, and a little experience of where to look will soon render the discovery of many nests an easy matter. One particular swamp of unusual extent, whose moister parts here and there formed considerable pools between the weed-beds and small islands, could show representatives of five different kinds of ducks—if we count in single pairs of pintail and tufted ducks—which may have been merely resting for a few days on their way to other breeding-grounds. Here, too, were many coots and dabchicks busy in the open water, and a few pairs of red-necked phalaropes could be seen darting about or swimming among the mare's-tail or flowering bogbean; and common terns and black-headed gulls were beginning to take up their quarters on suitable islands or small promontories.

At this time of year the "Machair" proper offers so little cover that the young peewits are all in hiding where cattle have trampled and broken up the wet ground, and where kingcups and other marsh plants afford places for concealment. Gulls, too, of several kinds are very numerous, and the old peewits find their time fully occupied in hustling each passing robber off the premises. But a steadily increasing flock of barren birds shows that toll has been taken, and the appearance of many late nests containing only two, or even one solitary egg offers further evidence of robbery. A common gull was seen on one occasion to empty two dunlins' nests, swallowing the eight eggs whole in less than two minutes, and such plundering must be constantly going on.

In spite of this, each suitable place has its large colony of peewits and dunlins, with twites merrily flitting about and snipe making occasional excursions into the air; while, if our course leads us near the shore, ringed plover and rock pipits appear. Corn-buntings are still in flocks of thirty or forty, and seem in no hurry about nesting operations, and, though they have not acquired the dunlin's art of doing nothing on a stone for half an hour or more at a time, they seem to be birds of heavy build and lazy habits.

From a high ridge a general view may be obtained, showing large "strands" of firm, wet sand exposed by the receding tide, over which herds of brown Highland cattle are being slowly driven or the carts of kelp burners are making their way from the headlands, where innumerable patches of white smoke show that the kelp industry is by no means dead. G. B.

### SEA-LIONS AT THE ZOO.

OF all the animals in the Zoological Gardens, none are more popular than the sea-lions, especially at their feeding time, when they perform wonderful feats of diving and fish-catching, which are well shown in our photographs. Their appetites are apparently insatiable, and they are ready to give a special performance at any moment. The problem of feeding them during the present time, when the fish supply from the North Sea may be cut off, is likely to be a serious one. When racing through the water, the sea-lion progresses by a series of long semi-dives of a very snake-like character, and it has been suggested that the appearances of the "sea-serpent" may be due to this animal. The sea-lions belong to the Otariidae or eared seals, which include the fur-seals, and are distinguished from the true seals and walrus by having a small external ear. Their hind limbs also are turned forwards and outwards, and are of greater service than in the other groups of seals. Like the fur-seals, the sea-lions form colonies together at the breeding season, and a quaint account of them at that time is given by Pennant in his "History of Quadrupeds" (1793): "The females make a noise like calves; the young like lambs. The males frequently go into the water,



W. A. Geale.

DIVING.

Copyright.



W. A. Geale.

CATCHING A FISH.

Copyright.

take a large circuit, land, and caress their females with great affection, put snout to snout as if they were kissing one another. The females, on seeing their males destroyed, will sometimes attempt to carry away a cub in their mouths, but oftener desert them through fear. The food of these animals is the lesser seals, penguins and fish; but while they are ashore they keep, in the breeding time, a fast of three or four months; but to keep their stomachs distended will swallow a number of large stones, each as big as two fists."

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### TRAPPING WILD BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would appear almost certain that the trap alluded to by your correspondent "F. T. R." in COUNTRY LIFE of July 25th, would come under



the definition of a pole-trap. As such it would be illegal under the Birds Protection Act of 1904. It would be of the greatest service to the work of this society if any of your readers who may meet with similar traps for catching wild birds, or with owls hanging on "keepers' gibbets," would communicate with us at once, sending as full particulars as they possess of both trap and place.—L. GARDINER, Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

## CARAVAN TOURING.

**T**HIS is an era when holiday making is apt to take the form disarmingly satirised by a recent author under the title, "Roughing It De Luxe." The life of the amateur caravanner is something of a case in point, and a new book ("Caravan Days," by Bertram Smith: Nisbet) describes in delightful fashion every aspect of one of those modern amusements which so singularly combine an air of simplicity with the

left behind"). His book is mainly concerned with a running and easy description of various tours which he has made throughout the length and breadth of Scotland—Ross-shire, by the by, he unhesitatingly pronounces to be its noblest county—with his caravan, Sieglinda, a three-roomed cottage-on-wheels, wherein:

My partner and I divide the duties of our housekeeping so that there is no overlapping, and we never get into each other's way. I am Cook, Scullion and Head Mechanic; she is Chambermaid, Seamstress and Official Photographer. I am on my own ground in the kitchen, while she rules with a rod of iron in the bedroom. In the middle-room we may be said to meet on equal terms. I am not quite able to explain why the making of mustard rests with her, while the charging of the soda water syphon is in my hands, but such fine distinctions are well understood between us, and we are perhaps both a little jealous of our own special jobs and resent encroachments.

And again:

I wish I could convey to you just how Scotland appears to me now that I have traversed over two thousand miles of its roadways. . . . To hear



Ward Muir

A COTTAGE ON WHEELS.

Copyright.

advantages of complication. Mr. Bertram Smith's articles have not infrequently enlivened the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, and our readers will be glad to hear of a volume from his pen at once vastly entertaining and curiously rich in observation and instruction. Those of them who aspire to be caravanners themselves will find here much that is informative. Mr. Smith treats of such themes as horses and harness, cooking, stoves, roads and gradients, crew and equipment, as well as of such lighter matters as road games ("Penny Dip," with its refinements, the "Plute," "Table Binge," and "Tilted Plank"), Chops ("There is nothing that demands more careful attention than the purchase of chops"), and Clothes ("Nearly all the follies and falsities, the studs and ties and clips and collars, the waistcoats and gloves can be cheerfully

the name of a village in Kincardineshire will recall to me in an instant the picture of a little girl in an orchard, looking up wistfully into the branches of an apple tree where her black kitten has taken refuge; Biggar always presents the figure of an extremely stout old lady in black, who is poking about the hedgerows in search of groundsel for her canary; there is a misprint on a milestone not far from Killin; there is a lady stone-breaker in Sutherland who makes fine practice among the flints; there is a breed of white turkeys near Fort Augustus.

Thus speaks the new type of nomad, who also can say:

I am always prepared to rough it in a spacious, weatherproof, well ventilated and luxuriously appointed caravan, with a first-class stove, comfortable chairs and a thundering good bed.

All of which is delivered, as it were, with a side-long wink and smile, for there is a lovable streak of unmalicious irony running through the chapters of "Caravan Days."



Ward Muir.

BY THE EDGE OF THE LOCH.

Copyright.



A perusal of the book, at all events, may help some hesitating adventurers to make up their minds to caravan, if contrariwise it confirms the decision of others to refrain from any more exciting experience than reading about it and vicariously enjoying it by way of the harvest of the rovers' cameras. For caravanning is a method of travel not by any means to be recommended rashly to every chance enquirer. There are people, for instance, who imagine that the caravanner's journey is made *in* the caravan; that it is purely a very slow form of driving or motoring. But caravanning is really only an extra elaborate walking tour. To travel inside the van is not simply a bore. It becomes, if prolonged for more than half an hour or so, actually uncomfortable. We who are accustomed to rubber tires—and think even these rather crude unless they are pneumatics—have ceased to realise the noise and joltiness of a closed-in vehicle of wood, running on iron-shod wheels and not upholstered internally. Take a lift in an average horse-drawn parcels delivery van, and even on London's streets the din in the passenger's ears is deafening. True, a caravan travels at a snail's pace: the rattle of its woodwork, the clinking of crockery in the cupboards, the jingle of the hundred and one interior properties which hang loose, the grinding of the brakes, is not in its way unpleasant, for a space. But as a day-after-day refuge the inside of a caravan on the road would be an ill place for a *voyageur* with nerves. No. Caravanning is walking—long and hard walking, sometimes, and no one but a walker should dream of tackling it.

And yet we remember at once that caravanning, even more than most modes of travel, does have its rewards: the garnering of a store of impressions. Really to know any country, it is needful to traverse it on foot and to make frequent stoppages. Geography takes on a fresh meaning to anyone who has toured thus: the contours of Mother Earth record themselves on the brain as immensely more significant than lines and shadings on a map or diagrams in a car road book. To have whirled from London to Inverness in a North-Western train a score of times is naught: to have plodded it afoot is to have achieved something real—to have grasped, for once, the actuality of one's homeland. Motoring is helping us to this perception, of course; it is better to follow the sinuosities of a road than project one's self, like a shot package from the counter to the cash desk, along rails. But walking—and caravanning is walking—is the secret of making friends with the route; and a caravan is itself an introduction to the characters to be met at each stopping place. Long may it be before this gentle mode of touring—the privilege, admittedly, of the few—dies out in favour of mere speed. W. M.



Ward Muir.

A MIDDAY HALT IN THE HILLS.

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Ward Muir.

A SHELTERED CAMP.

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Ward Muir.

SETTLED FOR THE NIGHT.

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## THE RINGED PLOVER.

**A**LTHOUGH when untroubled by the care of eggs the little ringed plover shows that bold confidence which tempted the late Hugh Earl to dub it the "cock robin of the shore," yet once give it cause to believe that you are interested in its treasures and you will find it as wary as any other egg-owner. The colour of its back so closely resembles that of the shore that

resemblance, one's eye is often drawn to them by a ring of chipped cockleshells round them. The habit of collecting bright objects round the eggs is also to be seen in the little tern, and is, I fancy, done for love of ornament. This is, of course, in contravention of protective resemblance, but it is not the only instance of mutually opposing habits being found hand in hand; anyhow, it would be an interest-



F. Heatherley.

A SHELTERED SITE.

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as it runs along it looks, but for two little black specks, like some ghostly small shadow zig-gagging about, a shadow that is soon lost, even through the glasses, as one tries to retreat to a sufficient distance to put the birds at their ease.

From my limited experience, I should say that the shore bird which lays its eggs nearest to the waves is the little tern. On the other hand, the oyster-catcher's eggs are always along the margin of land plants, while the ringed plovers are in an intermediate zone along the top of the beach, where the seaweed lies dry and shrivelled in a long band, so that they are safe from the summer gale that often overwhelms the tern colony. Before you catch sight of it, its cry of "Tu-wee, tu-wee," with its plaintive plover-like quality, betrays its presence on the shore, and when you, unseeing, approach too closely for their comfort, suddenly you will see birds with sickle-shaped wings flying low. As you follow their skimming flight you will be surprised to see them resolved into ringed plovers when they alight, so much larger do they look on the wing. Although the little stone-coloured eggs are good examples of protective



H. Willford.

WHERE THE SEAWEED LIES DRY AND SHRIVELLED.

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ing experiment to place a heap of little bright-coloured objects within range of sight of some sitting bird at the beginning of incubation and note what happens. The eggs are small, but, as in all birds whose young run about as soon as hatched, they are very large compared with the size of the parent; in fact, at Wells, where ringed plovers were very numerous, I once picked up the dried pelvis of a ringed plover with an egg fixed tightly in it, showing that the bird had died egg-bound. If at close quarters you

watch the bird settling down on its eggs, you will see by its ungraceful contortions the difficulty it has in getting astraddle of all four.

There is nothing more tantalising in bird photography than to wait for a ringed plover to make up its mind about coming back to the

eggs, when it is doubtful about the harmlessness of the concealed camera or tent. A cry of "Tu-wee" attracts your attention to the bird standing alert on the ridge that forms low water mark thirty feet away. It stands motionless, then suddenly it dips its head and runs straight towards the eggs, covering a couple of yards in as many seconds, so that if it only kept on it

eggs, when it is doubtful about the harmlessness of the concealed camera or tent. A cry of "Tu-wee" attracts your attention to the bird standing alert on the ridge that forms low water mark thirty feet away. It stands motionless, then suddenly it dips its head and runs straight towards the eggs, covering a couple of yards in as many seconds, so that if it only kept on it



would be on the eggs in ten seconds, but it stops as abruptly as it started. Then, after a few seconds, it makes a hurried little run of a yard or two at an angle to its first track, and so it zig-zags about all over the shore. Sometimes each tack brings it nearer to the eggs, so that you nervously grasp the ball in momentary expectation of an exposure. Then, when at last it is within a couple of yards of them, you see, to your exasperation, the next tack taking it away from them, and each succeeding little run only increasing the distance, until it is nearly out of sight. So that in a bad case, after an hour of this kind of thing the bird may have been on three or four occasions within a

occasionally as if to its mate. Then it started straight for the eggs, and instead of stopping and zig-zagging, to my surprise, it kept headlong on its course, crying all the way and crying again two or three times after it had straddled them and settled down; but even after an additional half-hour its mate failed to put in an appearance. Even when quite used to the camera, the bird I was working at for the purposes of this article surprised me by its wariness. I was employing my favourite plan of working the camera by means of tubing from an Earl tent forty feet away, the lens being four and a half feet from the eggs so as to give a quarter life-sized image. I had made an exposure on the



HESITATING.



DRAWING NEARER.



C. J. King.

SETTLING AT LAST.

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couple of yards of the eggs without going on to them, and its tracks over the shore, could they be plotted out, would make a most intricate maze of intersecting lines. Even when the ringed plover is quite habituated to the camera so that it may be depended upon to return within about five minutes of being disturbed, it generally comes back in a series of zig-zags. Only once have I seen it run straight to the eggs from a distance. On that occasion I had left it undisturbed for over an hour in the hope that its mate would relieve it at the eggs, and so give me a chance of getting both birds in the same photograph. At the end of this long wait it got off the eggs silently and ran down to low water mark, where it stood for some minutes, crying

sitting bird, and had given her ten minutes extra to warm the eggs before I cautiously hung a handkerchief out at the back of the tent as a signal to Jim, our boatman, who was helping me on this occasion. Jim was sitting eating his lunch at the foot of a carnie, as the rocky summits of the islands are called in the Scillies. This elevated spot gave him a commanding view of the shore, but he was not looking my way, and I watched him steadily eating for another five minutes before he happened to glance in my direction. Then he picked up the field-glasses, had a steady look through them and, putting them down, got on to his feet. Quickly turning to the front of the tent, I was just in time to see the ringed plover silently running



away. Although Jim was quite four hundred yards off, he could not have made two steps before the bird got up, and this behaviour was repeated on every subsequent occasion, showing how closely she was watching him. Nevertheless, several times

after I had changed the plate she returned so soon that I had made an exposure and hung the handkerchief out before Jim had completed more than a third of the return journey to the car.

Tom Cringle, the bird watcher at Wells, who is a most acute observer, pointed out to me that the black collar is



F. Heatherley.

ON A PEBBLE RIDGE.

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expense of the colour values, so that it makes the bird look like a faded museum specimen. Seen full-faced, the ringed plover does not look its best, as it then bears a grotesque resemblance to a little bloated frog on wire legs; even side-face it looks a bit snub-

nosed. Orange seems to be the favourite colour of adornment among shore-birds, and although a plover, it sports a fleck of orange on its bill, much the same in tint as that of the gulls. It cannot often be possible to include in one photograph the young as well as the eggs and the old bird, for in the ringed plover more often than in many birds of which this is said in books, the young really do leave the nest as soon as hatched. At Wells, when at work on this bird I noticed that the two chicks first hatched ran off with the male to the mud flats, leaving the female to hatch off the remaining two eggs. They seem to require no teaching to get their living, running about in short zigzag tacks, just like their parents, picking up invisible objects off the sand. They seemingly come into the world with a finished education. Even careful observation through field-glasses of a bird near by has not enabled me to distinguish what they are feeding on when they stop and pick up something right and left. When afterwards I have disturbed a mass of dried and decaying seaweed and have dislodged a crapping horde of sand-hoppers, I have often wondered whether they taste anything like shrimps, and what an easy living they would afford to any bird that was fond of them.

Although the success of the subterfuge first pointed out by the Kearsons, of getting someone to accompany you to the hiding-tent and walk away, leaving you inside, seems to point to a bird being unable to count even up to two, yet to some extent this may be due to inattention rather than to a complete absence of the mathematical faculty. For many birds that seem unable to count visible men are yet able to count invisible minutes very accurately. I suppose the commonest examples are the gulls in threes and fours seen overhead winging their way seawards from inland fields when the tide is on the ebb. Quite as remarkable, though not as easily observed, is the punctuality with which, when at their ease, both black-headed gulls and ringed plovers are relieved by their partners when engaged in incubation. In both species I have found that half an hour almost to the minute is the duration of each turn. With the gull, what happens is that the sitting bird looks up into the air and screams to the birds flying overhead and then flies off, its mate coming down at once beside



F. Heatherley.

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FORESHORTENED VIEW OF A RINGED PLOVER.

broader and darker in the male; but with my limited opportunities I can only claim to have noticed this difference on one occasion, for it is not often that both old birds can be compared close together. The black plumage apparently fades after a time, and the dingy brown specimens so often seen in museums give one an entirely wrong impression of the brilliant black of the living bird. As seen from a short distance, the eye is so closely matched by the surrounding black as to be almost invisible. It is true that a sufficiently long exposure will make the eye quite distinct in the resulting photograph, but this is only obtained at the



H. Walsford.

A YOUNG RINGED PLOVER.

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the nest. Only once did the sitting bird by waiting give me the chance of getting both birds by the nest. What I have noticed with the ringed plover is that at the indicated time the sitting bird cries softly once or twice, and then its mate comes running up from nowhere to effect the change. As might be expected in a bird as bold and wary as the ringed plover, they prove determined fighters on occasion.

When I was at Wells all the ringed plovers in the neighbourhood seemed to be hatching out on the same morning, and the mud-flats were soon plentifully dotted over with chicks feeding under the watchful eyes of their parents. Quarrels were constantly arising between old birds, apparently the crowded state of the shore leading to disputes about spheres of influence.

They often ended as they began, in an armed demonstration, the birds facing one another with heads lowered like fighting cocks and with all their feathers standing on end. If it developed into a fight they manoeuvred for position, and then suddenly one caught the other by the beak, and as they flopped over one another the bird so caught was banged on the ground until it managed to get free and fly away. One fight disclosed a bloodthirstiness which I should hardly have credited. All four birds were engaged, and the victors, after pursuing the vanquished, returned, and then, *va victis*, two little chicks were caught, shaken like rats, and banged on the ground till dead.

The ringed plover, in my experience, is, of all the plovers, the likeliest to give you an example of the instinct of feigning injury to lure you away from its eggs or young. As a proof of its instinctive nature, the exhibition is just as likely to take place after you have been photographing the bird for days and when you fancy yourself on quite familiar terms, as on the first day you meet. "The Son of the Marshes" has described it so accurately that anyone who repeats the description of what he has seen seems to be plagiarising; but some day, if suddenly startled, it will give you a ridiculously complete programme of this favourite trick if you will condescend to play the dupe. It flaps away with one wing extended and helpless, and as you eagerly follow it tumbles somersaults in unsuccessful attempts to rise on its wings. It is always just beyond reach of your hands as it shuffles away, but never apparently with enough strength to elude your next try. Strangely enough, after one or two somersaults, you notice that either you or the bird has made a mistake, for surely it had the left wing broken, while now it is the right which is helpless. If you play the game properly it may further develop a broken leg for your benefit and then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye and with a cry that is surely derisive, the cripple becomes whole—and is wholly gone.

Later on in the year, if, unlike myself, you happen to be his fellow-resident, you will see him, when nursery days are over, obeying the plover law and gathering into flocks. But in the winter-time, as I pass the shores of the Mersey at low tide, there comes a plaintive cry of "tu-wee," reminiscent of sunny days when Atlantic rollers cast their spray in snowy heights against a rocky headland, and there in the foggy gloom of a winter afternoon I manage to pick out among the hundreds of dunlin feeding on the mud-flats a dozen or more of my snub-nosed little friends the ringed plover, running about in their characteristic zig-zags, and perhaps even better known to fisher-folk as the ring dotterel.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

## A POET'S HIDING-PLACE.

**I**N a forest, wild and unchanged for many centuries, a poet has built for himself a secret dwelling-place. Only birds and stray deer may find it without a clue, so deeply is it buried in the heart of green quiet. The poet has a gift—alas! how rare among poets—of materialising his dreams. So he dreamed one night, the forest whispering round him, and next morning a house with sloping roofs and many chimneys stood waiting to receive him. There was no confusion—the house crept stealthily in among the trees on tip-toe, as it were, without disturbing them, and when the trees discovered the newcomer they welcomed it as something akin to themselves. Most buildings frighten the country they invade, which retreats before them, baffled and outraged; they remain for ever an excrescence, something alien and added from outside. But this house of marvellous birth the woods accepted at once, for they knew the poet already, and welcomed his dwelling as a gift from him. The

bracken washes up against the walls in great green waves. When the door opens you fear to let in a flood of fern. Authentic magic is everywhere. Paths through the bracken lead on and on, and turn and twist and never end. Summer dances and flashes among the trees with an intimacy and profusion which overwhelms. She and the poet have been lovers for many a year, and she it was who bade him dream this place for her delight. Golden and delicate she lies sleeping among the high fern or shakes her hair in a shining haze of heat between the shadowy tree trunks. This is her pleasure, where, weary of the homage of the world, she may repose like a weary queen. Here is nothing to trouble her wild splendour. On the poet she lavishes her sweetness without restraint. And round about, folding her close, the poet's dreams hover with finger on lip.

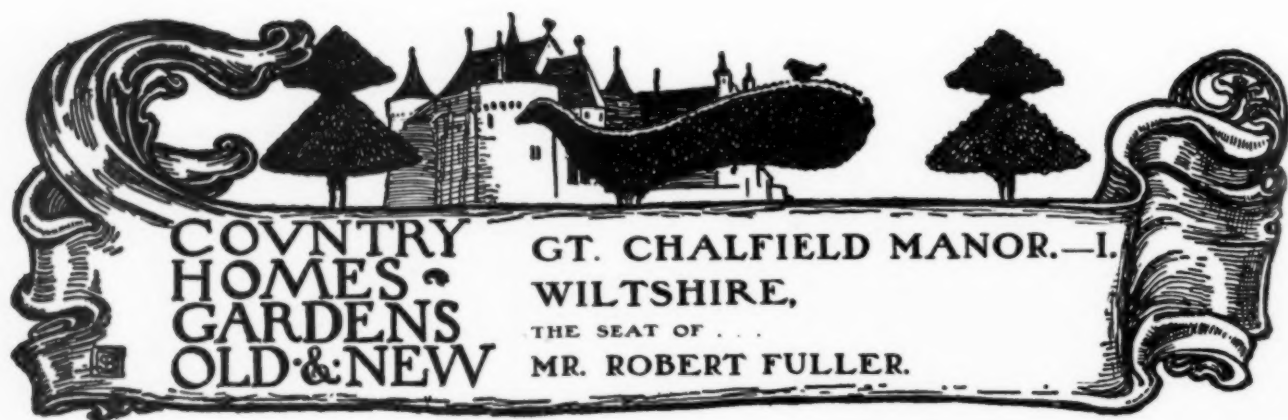
Through dusky hollows, among oaks and pines indefinite as a summer daydream, the wood ways wander, too green, too untrodden, it seems, to bear the pressure of human feet. Yet here I walked at evening along a narrow track, which dipped and lost itself amid fern, and led at last to a lake—wonderful still water, thick with copper weed, with trees thick upon the brink. All romance was there—the Morte d'Arthur and Thomas the Rhymer, old songs and tales of Faerie, all that is the very essence of such places suddenly speaking with a human voice. Such things are but the other side of the silence; they are not written, they are overheard—unconsciously, often by very simple people, who are not the slaves of words. For words at their best even lay clumsy fingers on secrets light as gossamer, and lead imagination, like a captive slave, into the marketplace. Music alone may repeat that which it hears without distortion, but few poets. *These* create beauty enough, but it is of another kind, and still the silence remains unbroken.

As Summer smiles or sighs, dances or sleeps, so the moods of the forest change. In the early morning it streams faintly forth through frail films of gossamer. Then the day is silver, since some belated moonbeams have mixed into the sunlight. In open spaces of the wood thistles rise tall and bold, tearing the light, which hangs in silver threads from their spiky leaves. Melted silver has made the grass wet and glistening. The elder-flowers gleam from among their dark leaves, softly radiant, like stars seen through milk. On such mornings elfin horns sound for the fairy hunting, and the horses sweep by whose hoofs leave the dew undisturbed. Noon is for the wild roses, and bracken clutching at the sunlight—when June looks earth full in the eyes without mystery. Now is the time when ragged dreams hang about the paths like cobwebs and crouch spying from shadowy corners, and play at hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, which seek vainly to drive them hence. And at this time all shadows and hesitations are consumed in fine white fire. The untasted air is clean as at the beginning of the world, and life springs bright as a sword from the scabbard to meet it. Later the air grows too heavy with dreams; the silver is tarnished and turns to wandering gold, and the exultation of the morning to languor dozing in the sunlight. But now all is brisk with the freshness of the sea.

To penetrate hither is utterly to leave behind time and all unnecessary burdens. There is no alternative. If you bear any outside soil upon you, you cannot enter. The woods know and will reject you speedily. Here a hundred years may pass as one day in listening to a bird's song or in watching the sunlight gleaming on the bracken. There is no change save that of the seasons. If there is any change—I wonder. Perhaps here the months are merely mirrors reflecting always the face of Summer in her intense, tranquil, shadowed or smiling moods. I know the poet is a magician who has kept out all intruders, and among them desolation and death. For there is no marked way to these woods of wonder, or the world would penetrate eagerly and drive the silence away with mockery and laughter and set the poet's songs to popular music, and wonder after what was the charm and secret of the place. But it cannot, for even did it reach the gates it must remain ignorant for ever of the one magic word which will throw them open. Yet so far even it will never get. In June the path may be traced by wild rose bushes, it is true, yet only those who are willing to accept the wild roses and no other for a guide can find it. Morris would have discovered it unhesitatingly, for this dream of poetry and Summer is also his predominant dream become real. Others, however, seeking it by maps and along the high road must remain baffled. They will pass it by, they will touch the very fringe of it and not know, while the wind in the trees holds its breath for fear of betraying even by a whisper the hiding-place—and the poet and Summer sit smiling within.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.





**P**LANNED and built in the latter half of the fifteenth century by a wealthy and intelligent Wiltshire landowner, the manor house at Great Chalfield retains its ancient form and features in sufficient degree to take a very high place among the remaining houses of its date. There has been decay, demolition and renovation, but the former have not been overwhelming, while the latter has been carried out in a way for which we must be most thankful. Epitomising its history, let it be said that it ceased in the seventeenth century to be a residence of importance. Thus its Gothic character was never replaced or cloaked by Late Renaissance features and additions, and yet the main fabric continued in repair up to 1837, when Pugin's pupil, T. L. Walker, laboriously measured, drew and described it. After that came a bad time. Of the east wing all but the north gable end disappeared, and the hall was cut up into rooms to accommodate a farmer. Thus it remained until a few years ago, when the owner put it into the capable hands of Mr. Harold Brakspear to undergo a deliberate, careful and complete restoration—a word which, happily, can now occasionally be used without any tinge of reproach or opprobrium. It adds to the interest that we are able to gather with some accuracy and detail when and how it came to be built. A lengthy manuscript volume containing nothing but the legal and administrative records of how a prudent man in the difficult days of the Wars of the Roses greatly

added to his inherited acres seems at first hand fit only to be classed as dry-as-dust literature. Yet the Tropenell Cartulary has more than antiquarian interest. Rightly read, it is a human document of considerable vividness, and puts life into the stones of Chalfield.

John Aubrey, collecting materials for his North Wiltshire Topographical Notes between the years 1659 and 1670, sought out many family muniments, accounts and "legier" books, and in particular tells us that "Col: Wm. Eyre of Neston in Cosham parish hath the Legier Booke of the Family of Tropnell of Neston. It is an excellent booke: in parchment, well writ, and retrieves the ancient and extinct families of this North Division." Nineteenth century Wiltshire archaeologists naturally wished to consult this valuable volume, but it was nowhere to be found. It could be traced up to 1744 and then the search failed. T. L. Walker came across a collection of extracts from it, but that was all. But in the closing years of the last century that excellent antiquary, Mr. Silvester Davies, Vicar of St. James', Enfield, found it among the effects which had passed from his predecessor in the living to the latter's sister. He possessed himself of it, and in 1908 edited it for the Wiltshire Archaeological Society. The story of how Thomas Tropenell came to possess himself of the Great Chalfield estate and was enabled to erect the manor house is thus available. The document in the collection which is of most importance





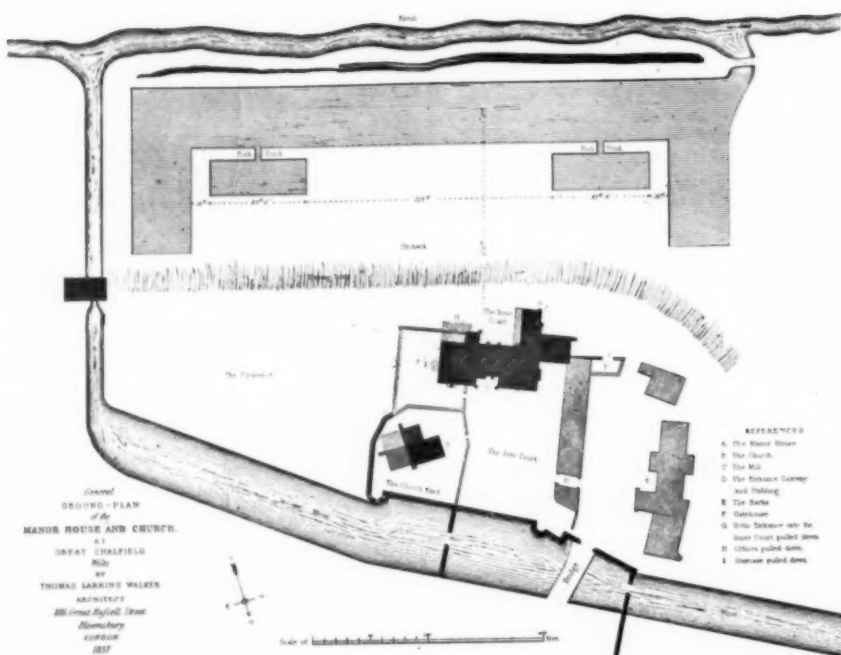


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GREAT CHALFIELD: THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in relation to Great Chalfield is thus entitled: "Thise ben for certayne all the pedegrees and mean astates in substance of all inheritous, purchasours, and ocupiers of the maner of Estchaldefeld, otherwise called Moche Chaldefeld, with the office of constablewyke of the castell of Trobrigge in the counte of Wiltshire, fro the tyme of Kyng Harry is day the thirde, and before fro the tyme that no mynde rynneth unto annum quintum Edwardi quarti (1465) declared, undirstond, and clerely determynd by the counseil lerned of Thomas Tropynell, squyer, and by hymself." Therein we learn that the manor and parish of Great, or East, Chalfield, which lies four miles north of Bradford-on-Avon, was part of the possessions of a cadet branch of the Percies certainly as early as the reign of King John, and that under his son, "Kyng Harry the thirde," it was held by a Sir William Percy, whose daughter, Katherine, married Walter Tropenell. He was a son of Sir Osbert Tropenell, Lord of Sopworth and other Wiltshire lands, part of which the said Walter inherited. Fifth in descent from Walter and Katherine was Thomas



Tropenell, the builder of Great Chalfield, whose claim to it by inheritance was thus remote and contingent on a more complete failure of Percy heirs than really occurred, although the male line did come to an end with the death of Sir Harry Percy the third, half a century before Thomas Tropenell was born. Sir Harry first married a lady of a good Wiltshire family, entitled to bear arms. After presenting him with a daughter, Beatrice, she died, and the widower

fell a prey to the charms of a designing woman who does not seem even to have possessed a surname, for she is described in the Cartulary as "Constance, bedfellow and cosyne to Maister Robert Wayvile, bisshope of Salisbury," and is contemptuously dismissed as "born to no lond, neither to none armes." But she got Sir Harry to marry her, and by a series of the legal proceedings then customary (which consisted in conveying your estates to men on whom you could rely to convey them back again to you under conditions that suited you, or secured your title better than before) induced him to give her a plausible

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title to Great Chalfield after his death. That appears to have been all she wanted him for, and in other respects to have preferred her episcopal "cosyne," for we are told that because of her "naughty lyf" the ill-used but rather abject husband "toke his pilgrymage to Jerusalem Warde, and died at Colayn." Meanwhile Constance and her Bishop were securing his inheritance. No doubt it was a money payment which bought off the potential rights of a brother, but the much stronger and indeed quite legal claim of the

she remained for the whole period of sixty-three years which elapsed between the deaths of Sir Harry Percy and her own, and during which she wedded and buried three more husbands. The second of these was the father of her only legitimate children, Isaude and Johanna, and she wished them and their descendants to come into the Percy inheritance. The father, Sir Philip FitzWaryn, was no doubt a capable soldier, knighted during the French wars, but, like his wife, "born to no londe," and so as anxious as herself to occupy somebody



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THE NEW BUILDING ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

daughter needed effacing by more drastic measures. "Duresse of imprisonment" in the episcopal city was her fate until she had "relesed unto the seid Constance, and unto her heires, in fee, all her right and title she had in the seid maner of Estchaldfeld." Such release, indeed, was bad in law on two counts. In the first place, Beatrice Percy was not then of age, and in the second place she had no right to bar her heirs. Yet so far as Constance was concerned it seems to have served. In possession she was, and in possession

else's and hand it down to their progeny. Hence another set of conveyances and reconveyances in the attempt to make the title good. Ail was of no avail. Some years after the death of Constance in 1419 came trouble. An interminable series of entries and re-entries, conveyances and reconveyances, ejectments and recoveries ensued, which did not finally cease till 1467. Isaude and her son, William Rous, Johanna and her son, William Beaushyn, did not readily give in to Beatrice Percy's son and grandson, Thomas



Beverley, senior and junior. Meanwhile, Thomas Tropenell grew up into a long-headed, thrifty business man, intent on using his powers to become a large landowner by steering clear of the dangers and taking advantage of the opportunities that bristled during the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses. As regards Great Chalfield, his title was clearly the weakest of any, but his brain was the best ordered and his purse the best filled. On Constance's death her daughter Isaude, wife of John Rous, gets possession, and she and her son, William, appear to have been left there in peace until 1427, when Beatrice Percy's son, Thomas Beverley the elder, takes action against them. This action is frequently adjourned and leads to no result. Hence a resort to force.

away all his woodes, and his tylestones, tymbre and his houses." He dies in 1452, leaving no issue by his wife, who survives him, and, on confirmation to her of an annuity, conveys to Tropenell all her rights in Chalfield. Thereupon Constance's other daughter and her son, William Beaushyn, come forward with a claim, and for ten years there were entries and ejectments on the part of Tropenell and the Beaushyns, perhaps real, but much more probably fictitious and arranged for the strengthening of Tropenell's title. The Beaushyns were evidently pretty much in Tropenell's hands, as we see from an agreement on the part of Joanna Beaushyn and her son, William, to convey Chalfield to Tropenell on the latter consenting to clear off William's debts, amounting

to £64 and to pay twenty-eight marks "for the delyverance of me, forseid William, oute of prison." Meanwhile the Beverley claim had never been decided, but no doubt Tropenell found Thomas Beverley, jun., amenable, for the latter, who recommenced his late father's action in 1445, with the same inconclusive results, is found in 1454 declaring that he "entred in Chaldefeld and made astate in fee to Thomas Tropenell." This, however, was by no means the last of it. Documents and declarations continue until, at last, in 1467, there was arranged a recovery of Chalfield by Beverley and a reconveyance by him to Tropenell. That careful man will then have been satisfied that Chalfield was securely his and that it was safe to pull down the old house of the Percies — no doubt ruinous from neglect — and build a house embodying the newest and best ideas of his time.

What he found we do not know. In the barn, which for the most part is no older than the days of Elizabeth, a remnant of fourteenth century work has been located by Mr. Brakspear, and on the inner bank of the moat, forming the northern limit of the forecourt, are the foundations of an old



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EAST END OF THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The lord of the next manor is at enmity with Rous, and in 1431 "received the said Tho. Beverley, the fadir, with many men of Salisbury, and of other places, in his hous at Westchaldefeld, to have entred upon the said Will. Rous in Estchaldefeld and to have put hym therfro." But the Rous occupation continued, and in 1437 Thomas Tropenell appears on the scene. He was then thirty-two years of age, and had begun the building up of the great estate in Wiltshire towns and villages which was his principal aim in life. He obtains from William Rous a grant of Great Chalfield, provided the former have no legitimate issue, Tropenell agreeing to give small marriage portions to his natural children, who are reported to be numerous, the said William being a debauchee, fit only to "devowre and selle

wall that comprised bastions which were the chief evidence on which Walker founds his remark: "We may safely suppose a fortress to have existed here, prior to the present Manor House." Within the enclosure of this "fortress" stood the church. Here Tropenell rebuilt the west gable — which he topped with a charming stone belfry — and added a chapel on the south side. In other respects he left it standing, so that, although not lineable, it forms part of the architectural scheme by forming a balance to the western or office wing of the forecourt. This matter of balance is clearly one to which Tropenell attached importance, and he must therefore be put down as a fifteenth century pioneer of the principle of symmetry which the sixteenth century matured and the seventeenth established as an unalterable rule. The plan

and grouping of a mediæval house was somewhat haphazard. The central feature of the hall was habitually supported by solar and chamber at one end, and office building at the other. But each of these component parts was, except that they were at some point connected, largely independent in position, shape and skyline. They and the other "houses of office," stabling and retainers' quarters, which then combined to form the dwelling of a family of importance, were set about and contrived as best suited the often complex nature of a site which was likely to have been chosen for defensive rather than architectural reasons. Though Tropenell used a site originally built on for such reason, kept certain features and conformed to many traditional habits and arrangements, yet he went far to make his new home a thoughtfully balanced architectural composition. He retains the idea of the central hall lit on both sides, and with independent, gable-ended roof line. But he forms the block at each end into a pair of lineable wings coming forward on the north side as gables, each having the dominant feature of a highly enriched oriel. And on the inner side of these two principal gables he sets two smaller ones, perfectly alike as regards their upper storeys, while the lower merely differ in the one having an arched window and the other an arched porch entrance. Then tradition asserts itself, and in order to get the normal internal arrangement of a hall, a single prominent chimney shaft is set against one gable and the remaining space up to the other gable is occupied by two windows. The result is perfectly harmonious, a delightful welding of old and new ideas as they presented themselves to the fifteenth century designer. The placing of the gables betokens adhesion to the dawning shackles of symmetry; but not only the placing of the chimney, but the variation of the two oriels speak of the ancient freedom. The oriel of the east gable is the larger and richer. It is semi-circular, of six transomed lights rising from six traceried panels, and surrounded with bold fleur-de-lys cresting, the whole resting on a traceried base springing from mask corbels. It is given this importance because it not only lights, but is the outward evidence of the Solar or Great Chamber, next to the hall the most important room of the mediæval house, under which, perhaps only half above ground, should be vaulted cellars. And below its northern end we do find at Chalfield a vaulted room, very likely used as a cellar, needing therefore little light, but due provision against the thrust of the vaulting. Hence the oriel is set upon a buttress cutting into the fan tracery of its corbelling, and having a narrow window on each side. That the other gable should also have an oriel was something of a departure,

largely arising from a desire for symmetry, but also from a growing wish to increase both the number and the amenity of the chambers. Notice, too, that it is over a room lit by a four-light window, never, surely, intended for the pantry (which, on mediæval principle, should occupy this position facing the hall screen), but perhaps from the first intended for its present use as the usual family eating room—the "winter parlour" of Elizabethan days.

South of the hall Tropenell built a complete quadrangle of "houses of office," a very large part of which disappeared in later times and have only to some extent been replaced. But on the north side Chalfield has the rare good fortune of being now as its first builder left it, such blemishes as had



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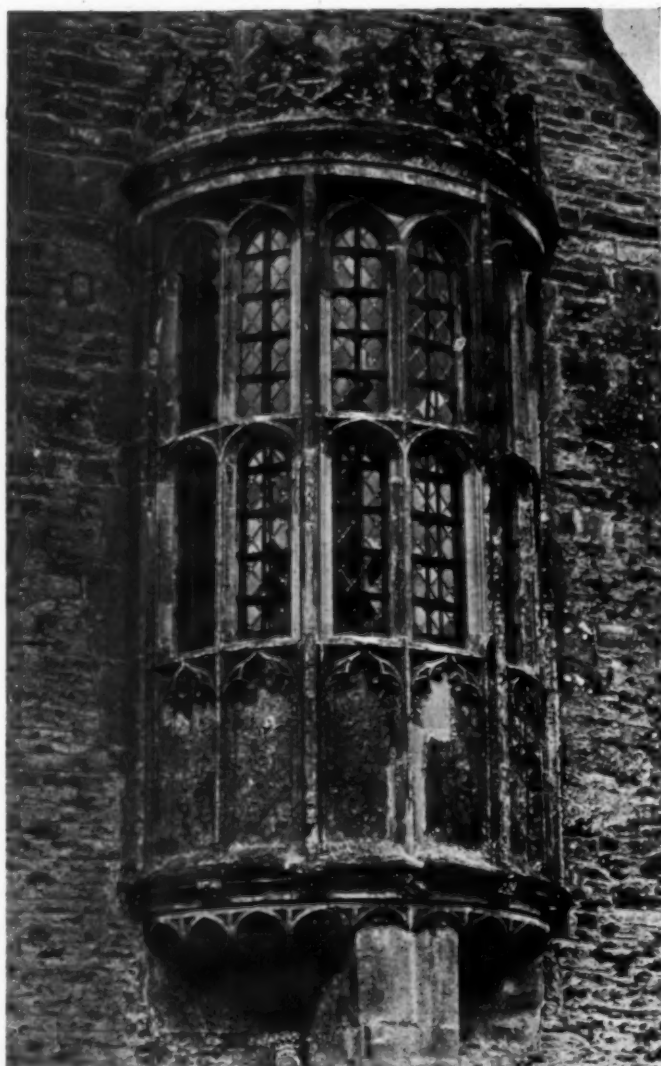
THE ENTRY PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

occurred having been most carefully obliterated. What at once strikes the eye are the amplexness of the fenestration and the richness of the detail. Here is no dark castle with frowning, featureless walls, but an architectural creation, delicate and airy as a Gothic church. There was some defence, of course. The moat had to be crossed, the Percy walls and bastions within it were, no doubt, retained in a modified form, the archway through the west wing was barred and bolted by solid oak. But that was all. As the ground along which the north moat lay is sufficiently raised above the natural stream bed to the south to enable a mill (mentioned in Domesday) to be worked at the point where the western garden house now stands, the water defences shown on Walker's plan, now reproduced, cannot have made a complete circuit,



and the stretches of southern water are formed as fish ponds on so set and formal a scheme as to savour of the age of the later Stewarts rather than of the last of the Plantagenets. A pleasant place in which to spend secure days was Thomas Tropenell's scheme idea for Chalfield, and yet he built when the chief man of every county in England might use the dynastic dispute to attempt by force of arms to settle family feuds or advance personal ambitions. Tropenell was not big enough to play such a part as that, and as we hear of him as a "Squyer, which had the lyverys of Kyng Harry the V<sup>th</sup> and of Kyng Edward the iii<sup>th</sup>," he evidently had an eye for crossing over to the winning side at the right moment. Yet he might well expect local assaults such as we have seen planned against Chalfield by Thomas Beverley in 1431. Tropenell may have had no stomach to enter on other men's lands by force of arms, like his greater neighbours, yet he was a successful acquirer of acres by every means known to the law, and this did not make him universally popular. We find him described as a "perillous covetouse



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THE GREAT CHAMBER ORIEL.

"C.L."

man," although it must be admitted that those who say so appear to be trying to get the better of him in regard to the possession of an estate by false reports and underhand means. Certainly he never seems to have suffered from ill-will or hostile action, but to have lived a perfectly prosperous life. Whether much of it was spent at Chalfield does not transpire. Within the neighbouring manor of Corsham he owned the estate of Neston, where Mr. Davies gathers from "The Cartulary" that he "rebuilt the house, which was finished some time before 1453," and which he "continued to make his chief dwelling-place, and he is generally described as of Neston." Moreover, it was in Corsham Church that, in accordance with the provisions of his will, he was buried in a chantry chapel, which he probably himself erected for the purpose.

Why, then, did he create so remarkable and complete a home at Great Chalfield and add to its church a chantry made personal to himself and his family by its heraldic adornments? The answer can only be that it was the culminating act of his life, and that if ever he moved into the new



THE GATEHOUSE FROM WITHIN THE FORECOURT.



THE GARDEN HOUSE.



house, it was only for such a short time and at such an advanced age that it did not affect his established designation of Tropenell of Neston. This, surely, will also in a measure account for the slight nature of its defences. After Edward IV.'s landing at Ravenspur in 1471, quickly followed by the final and complete crushing of his enemies, peace seemed firmly established in England, and the period of civil broils at an end. Tropenell, as we have said, would certainly not have begun his building till after he had finally established his title to the estate in 1467. Probably, for the reasons now given, he did not begin till later still. He lived on till 1488, and his second wife, whose heraldry constantly appears in conjunction with his own in house and chapel, only predeceased him a few years. Round about 1480 is, therefore, the date to be assigned to Great Chalfield, of which the further description and later history must be deferred till next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## AN IRISH . . . DRAMATIST.

THE literature of plays and criticism which has grown up round the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, must by this time fill a good many shelves, and the latest addition to be made to this library is Mr. St. John J. Ervine's *Four Irish Plays* (Maunsel). This book is different in several ways from the majority of those published by Irish dramatists. In the first place Mr. Ervine deals with Ulster, and even in "The Critics," the scene of which is laid in Dublin, the chief character is from Belfast. Of the Ireland of Synge and of Yeats we hear nothing. Secondly, it is noticeable that the dramatists who have most influenced Mr. Ervine are English and not Irish. "The Magnanimous Lover" and "The Critics" are both in some degree Shavian, and "Mixed Marriage" is very evidently of the school of Galsworthy. The most Irish of the plays is "The Orangeman," which, unless our memory plays us a trick, reminds us—at any rate, as far as concerns its main idea of an old man with all his thoughts centred on one trivial object—of Mr. Fitzmaurice's "The Piedish," though Mr. Ervine's play is less successful. Indeed, not one of these plays, interesting and clever though they are, strikes us as entirely satisfactory. The three shorter ones are better than the one four-act play, but in each of them there is a failure either properly to relate the parts or to keep the dramatic interest equal throughout. The best of the four plays seems to us to be "The Magnanimous Lover." The scene is in the house of the shoemaker, William Catlin, whose daughter, Maggie, has been seduced ten years before by Henry Hinde, son of Samuel Hinde, the village grocer. Henry had gone away to England after refusing to marry the girl, but he conceives himself to have a call from God to come back and "make her an honest woman." Maggie, realising that he has no love for her and that he is only bowing to his own selfish fear of Hell in coming back to her, refuses his offer and prefers to remain as she is. The different ways in which her father and mother take her refusal are finely brought out, but the character of Samuel Hinde is a mere caricature; moreover, the play is weakened by the fact that Henry appears to the reader more of a bigot and less of a coward than he appears to Maggie. "The Critics," the third one-act play, is an amusing skit upon dramatic criticism in Dublin, and upon the critics who mistake a performance of "Hamlet" at the Abbey for another dastardly attack upon Ireland and upon the purity of Irishwomen. The end, however, where the critics not only do not recognise the play, but have never heard the name of Shakespeare, is unsuccessfully extravagant. We now come to Mr. Ervine's most considerable, but not, we think, his best, production, the four-act tragedy, "Mixed Marriage." In this play the author has attempted



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THE CHURCH FROM THE EAST GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BELFRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to write a social problem drama after the manner of Mr. Galsworthy, and he has shown much of the observation and feeling for humanity of his master. Nevertheless he has not shown that amazing power of selection of facts which has enabled Mr. Galsworthy, as it did a very different artist—George Crabbe—to make such wonderful poetry out of his drab material. In "Mixed Marriage," moreover, the problem is not faithfully adhered to throughout the play. For the first three acts we are interested in the way in which the engagement of the Protestant, Hugh Rainey, to the Catholic, Nora Murray, affects the Rainey family, and in the personal attitude of old John Rainey to the Strike. Then, before the fourth act, we have a ten days' interval, during which the engagement has stirred up riots against the Raineys (how this has happened is not very clear), and a vast new force, which was not

in the original statement of the problem, is introduced into the play. The problem has thus lost its domestic interest, and the tragedy, instead of happening as it might well have done solely through the agency of the strife in the Rainey family, is introduced by Nora going out into the crowd and being killed in the riot. This we believe to be a false piece of dramatic construction, which effectually spoils what might have been a grim and remarkable drama. Mr. Ervine has not, as we have said, yet produced a satisfactory play, but he is an interesting dramatist, for he treats of a side of Irish life not usually treated of by the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre. If he will write his future plays more logically and from a more Irish and less English point of view—for we now accept Shaw as the complete Englishman—he should produce work of importance both to Ireland and to the Drama.

I.A.W.

## IN THE GARDEN.

LILIES.—II.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

**I**N a former paper, the debilitating effect of land and sea carriage, rough handling by foreign packers and neglect of restorative measures by British gardeners were assigned as the chief causes of loss and disappointment in the cultivation of hardy Lilies. There is another cause, namely, the disturbance or actual destruction of Lily bulbs in the process of forking over the borders where they have been planted. All Lilies, especially the stem-rooting species, intensely resent disturbance. What they chiefly require, when once established, is to be let alone; only asking for an annual mulch of the material suited to the several requirements of the species.

Probably no kind of Lily has suffered more from heedless forking than the beautiful Caucasian *L. monadelphum* (also called *colchicum* and *szovitzianum*). It has a constitution as robust as the common Martagon and the Pyrenean Turk's-cap; but it has two peculiarities which render it very liable to injury from fork or spade. First, although almost, if not quite, the earliest of Lilies to flower in June, it is about the latest to show above ground in spring. *L. auratum* and *speciosum* do not blossom till early autumn, yet they will show spikes 6in. to a foot long before there is a sign of life where *L. monadelphum* has slept through the winter. Consequently, unless the place is marked

by conspicuous and strong labels, the bulbs are almost sure to be thrown out and hashed by the fork. Then the other peculiarity of this Lily's temperament comes into play. Disliking disturbance even more than most of its kin, it not only refuses to flower after replanting (unless this is most tenderly and thoughtfully done), but sometimes, even if the bulb has not been injured, it will lie low for a whole year, making no appearance whatever above ground, and it is easy to understand what risk of destruction it runs while it is thus in retreat.

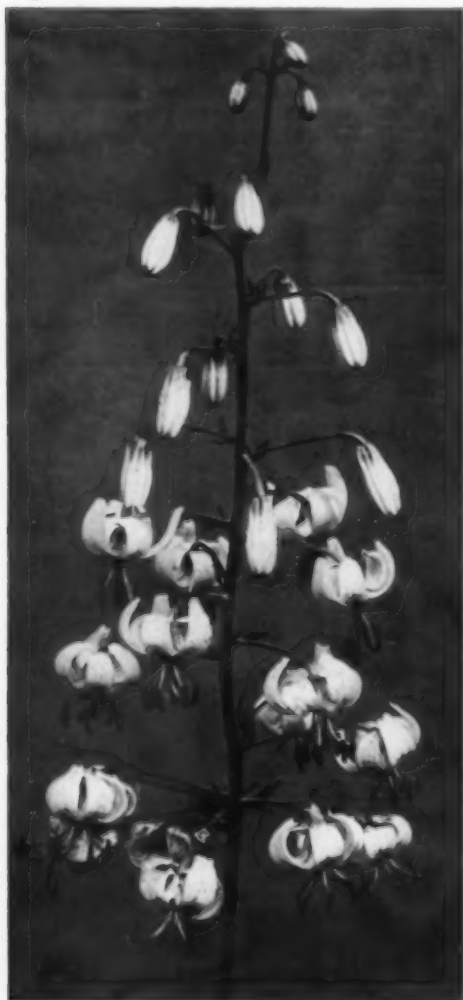
Subject to these observations, there is no Lily requiring less attention than this very hardy mountaineer. It wants only to be planted a foot deep in sound, well drained loam, with or without lime, and let alone. There are several colour varieties in the species—from straw colour to rich canary yellow, with or without a peppering of dark purple dots, and with bright red or orange anthers.

Now, having but brief space at command, I may only mention a very select few of the Lilies most amenable to outdoor cultivation in the United Kingdom. Of the common Martagon there

are two varieties which take rank in the very pick of the genus—to wit, *L. Martagon album*, with clustered Turk's-caps of pure white and golden anthers; and *L. Martagon dalmaticum* (recognised by Mr. Elwes as a distinct species), producing buds clothed in white wool, which open into Turk's-caps so intensely and fiercely purple as to be almost black. There is no difficulty whatever in cultivating these most desirable varieties in any well drained soil. *L. davuricum*, with its hybrid offspring *L. umbellatum*, is almost

equally good-humoured, though somewhat more particular about thorough drainage. The variety *erectum* makes a grand glowing mass, and I became acquainted this year with a peculiarly attractive form named *L. davuricum luteum*—clear yellow sprinkled with dark spots.

Of the Madonna Lily (*L. candidum*) and its lovely offspring the Nankeen Lily (*L. testaceum*) one is almost afraid to say much, so grievously have both been afflicted with *Botrytis* that many persons have abandoned in despair all attempts at growing them. Nevertheless, timely attention will bring them through the trouble, the prescription being as follows: Insist on having bulbs from the vendor at the end of August or not at all; plant them 4in. or 5in. deep (just below the surface) in soil not too unctuous, with an admixture of lime; place the Madonna where she may receive a full measure of sunshine—the Nankeen Lady somewhat less; spray with Bordeaux mixture during growth, and, on the first symptom of the fungus, exchange the mixture for Evans' Aseptic Fluid. No amount of pains is too great to secure success with this pair of beauties, for, if *L. auratum*



THE WHITE TURK'S-CAP LILY,  
*L. MARTAGON ALBUM.*



*L. ROSEUM*, NATIVE OF THE HIMALAYA.



be esteemed the most gorgeous, *L. giganteum* the most majestic of the genus, the Madonna and the Nankeen Lilies would be peerless in loveliness, were it not for the group about to be mentioned.



THE CAUCASIAN *L. MONADELPHUM*.

Priority in this group must be given to *L. Brownii*, because it has been known (generally as a pot plant) in English gardens for more than a century, and also because it is the first of the three to flower—early in July. It is reputed to be difficult, and one very seldom meets with it in the open border; but I have found it most good-natured and constant when planted deep on a steep bank to ensure rapid drainage. The late Dr. Wallace used to advise planting the bulbs on their sides, so that winter rain may not lodge within the cupped scales. It loves lime, grows about a yard high with graceful wands, bears three or four long purple buds on each stem, opening to display shining white trumpets, the tips of the petals being strongly reflexed, and diffuses a most delicate perfume. Next comes *L. regale*, introduced some twenty odd years ago as *L. myriophyllum*, but now renamed, and rightly so, the Royal Lily. The outside of the trumpet is lightly stained with rosy purple, the inside of the throat and the anthers are golden and the rest of the flower alabaster white.

Best of all, this Lily is perfectly hardy and of the kindest nature, only requiring occasionally to be staked in rough weather. Last of the three, flowering in August, is *L. Sargentæ*, a Chinese hill Lily, which some have found to be uneasy under our winter rains, but which has behaved in an exemplary manner with me when planted in gritty soil on a slope. The flowers have a general resemblance to those of the two species last named, and the anthers are brown, as in *L. Brownii*. All three Lilies in this group love lime and sunshine. The bulbs should be planted fully in. deep, and, where sloping ground cannot be given them, the first and last of the trio may be planted on inverted flower-pots to secure perfect drainage.

There are many other Lilies at our command. He who succeeds with those I have mentioned will not rest until he has succeeded with some of the more capricious kinds. The splendid *L. sulphureum* flowers too late for open air cultivation, except in the sunnier Southern Counties; *L. roseum*, on the other hand, flowers too early to be trusted outside in our rude spring weather. It belongs to a group approaching the Fritillaries in character and requiring special treatment. Let me conclude by naming one of the commonest, yet one of the most beautiful of the genus,



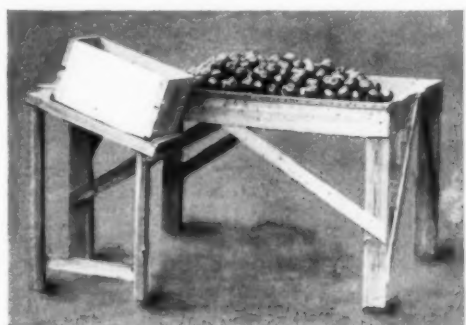
*L. DAVURICUM LUTEUM*.

the Tiger Lily (*L. tigrinum*), especially the varieties *splendens* and *Fortunei*. They are at the command of everyone, except him who cannot give them soil free from lime.

## A NEW APPLE INDUSTRY.—III.

[In the stress and storm of a great war it is most essential that industries like orcharding should not be neglected. Readers who study this article with its two predecessors, which appeared on July 25th and August 1st, will obtain a key to a most important method of increasing the food supply.—ED.]

**A**PPL E GATHERING extends over a long season. It begins in the sultry July days and lasts right into moist November. The blended colours of the apple, its maturity of outline, even its ripe redolence, all speak of autumn and the vintage. Yet Nature, with a wonderful fashioning of the blossom, has lured the bee to her



PACKING TABLE, BOX REST, AND STANDARD BOX READY FOR PACKING.

service and, through a long line of hybrids, has developed a succession of varieties, maturing, some rapidly in early summer, others slowly in late winter. In mid-July the apple plantations are invaded by pickers. Not very long since this fruit was shown scant respect. Many of our dessert and culinary fruits received no better treatment than the vintage fruits in the Devon orchards to-day, where one may lie lazily in the long grass and listen to the dull thud, thud, as the ripe apples are shed and scattered around:

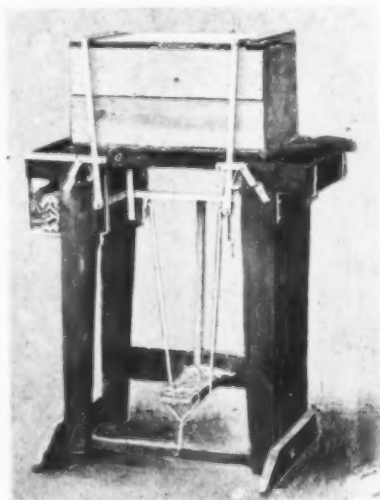
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps  
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

Most of us, in our time, have been guilty of shaking at least one apple tree, and not a few of us have even used a stick. But

these methods are not good enough for the new apple industry, at any rate. The apple deserves as much respect as the peach and then its market value justifies the care. The apples must be free from bruises; more than this, they must be free from blemish. From one apple harvest to another the grower has been waging incessant warfare against three distinct enemies at least—the caterpillars, the plant lice and the fungi—in order to obtain his perfect apple. When that fruit is obtained he must make of it the best possible price.

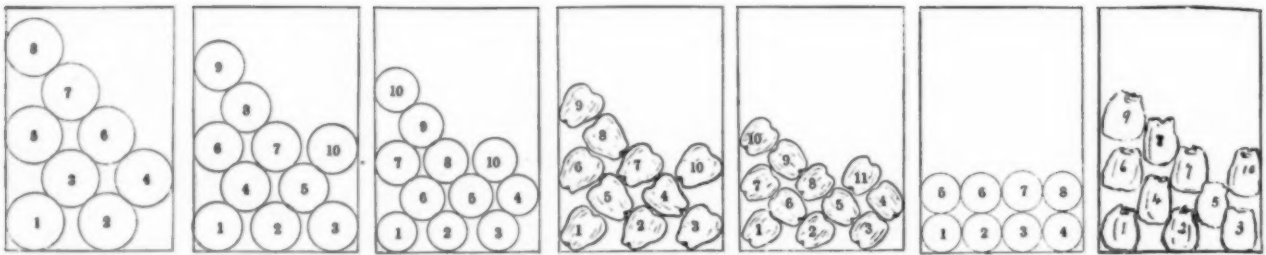
"Fruit must be well grown, shape normal; practically free from blemish, injury or disease; skin unbroken; no decay." Such is the standard laid down by the Agricultural Department of Ireland in their technical instruction to apple packers. In England the pioneer work has been carried on by the South-Eastern Agricultural College, at the very heart of the apple industry.

There are several methods of picking, though in many places there is still a complete lack of system, and even of knowledge



BOX PRESS, SHOWING IRON GRIPS WHICH HOLD LID IN POSITION.





SEVEN DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFERENT PACKS.

The numbers on the apples represent the order in which the fruits are placed in the box. It is a system of building up diagonal lines.

in the proper use of varieties. As one of a gang of pickers on a 200-acre farm I have been ordered to gather so many "pot" of "early apples." To fulfil the order we were made to mix early Victoria (an apple ready to pick in August) with half-grown Bramley's Seedling (mature from December to March). These apples were poured from the picking baskets helter skelter into the pot hamper—a layer of straw—a little pressure with the knees, and these "early apples" were sent to seek their fortune in the Northern markets! Doubtless they sold well enough, yet the consumer wondered why so many bruised apples were required to make a tart, and why one slice of fruit was cooked and the next only half done. If the buyer is satisfied he will be offered nothing better, and the grower, eager to supply the early trade, cheats himself of the full value of early and late varieties by neglecting Nature's well-marked divisions. There is more science in the business than he often dreams of.

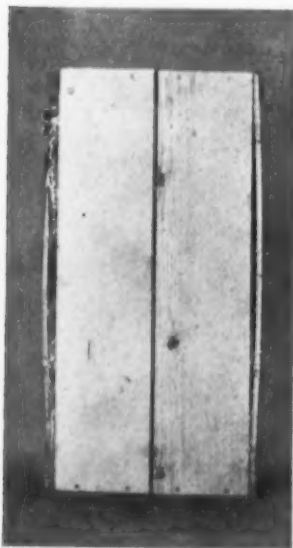
The apple packer has a system. He considers the individual fruit. The day comes when Beauty of Bath, one of the earliest and best flavoured of our dessert apples, begins to show a bright scarlet cheek. The women are sent to pick the coloured fruit each day until the crop is cleared, every apple in its perfection. Worcester Pearmain is treated likewise, and is a very showy fruit, popular in name. It sells well because there is a large and continuous supply. Where the fruit varies considerably in size the pickers will probably grade them roughly as they pick, handling them carefully. On many large farms mechanical graders are used. The apples run noiselessly over perforated revolving rubber bands and are received, perfectly graded as to size and unharmed, in felt lined trays. Such a machine can sort into four or five grades nearly two bushels of fruit per minute. The great object is to effect as good a grading as possible with as few handlings. The grades vary by a quarter of an inch or half an inch, and are termed "special" or "select," "firsts," "seconds" and "culls." The fruit then goes straight to the storing boxes to await the packer. It is better to store in well ventilated boxes than in heaps, because any decaying fruit can be sorted out more easily from time to time, and the boxes can be readily carried into the packing shed without again moving the fruit.

Both early and late apples of certain standard varieties may be worth packing, though apples below 2½ in. in diameter are usually too small for profitable boxing. The two chief requirements are that they should be firm fleshed and attractive in appearance and name. Early apples are usually packed straight away after picking and grading; late varieties may wait even till March. Perhaps dessert varieties pay best for packing; at any rate, they fetch the most showy prices.

Beauty of Bath in bushel boxes has fetched up to 24s.; Worcester Pearmain often fetches 12s. or more; James Grieve, Cox's Orange Pippin, King of the Pippins, Allington Pippin and Blenheim Orange all pay for boxing. It is the late cooking apples that pay best for the same treatment. These are on the market from November onwards: Lord Derby, Newton Wonder, Lane's Prince Albert and Bramley's Seedling.

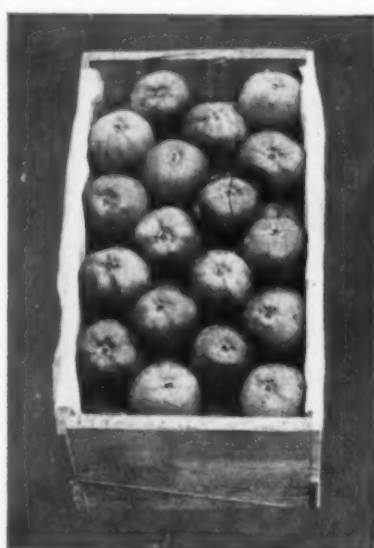
Many an oast is now used as an apple storehouse, many a barn has become a packing shed. Enter such an one—there is a row of packing tables down one side, large enough to hold some four bushels of apples spread out on the surface. Over the tables is tightly stretched some bagging—probably an old hop pocket—to keep the apples from bruising when they are turned out of the storing boxes. At each end of the table is a slanting rest, of a size to hold the regulation standard apple box. (The measurements of the Federation standard box are 20 in. long by 11 in. wide by 10 in. deep, inside measurement. These boxes cost about 6d. apiece.) Everything is standardised here. At each rest stands a countrywoman in coloured apron, busily packing. Women are usually employed. As a rule they pack better and more quickly than men, yet their labour is not so highly paid. I cannot fancy a packing shed without their subdued chatter and deft movements. Apple packing may go right on into December or even later; so there is winter work in a dry place for many a cottage mother. It is a pleasant occupation, and they earn good money. A man is giving orders and nailing up the boxes at a special press which has iron bands to grip the lid while it is being nailed down with cement-coated nails. A lad is stacking the boxes in one corner on their sides—they weigh from 40 lb. to 46 lb.—and a boy is pasting on the brand of the Kentish horse rampant. The label has also the name of the variety, the grade and, possibly, the grower's private mark. There is a great deal in the attractiveness of these brands. The Americans always use them. They are experienced packers here, and are selecting by eye and touch. The inexperienced grader had best resort to an apple ring of known dimensions. These women can pack a box well every seven to ten minutes. There is a momentary rustling as the sides of the box are lined with blue or white packing papers (32 in. by 20 in.), overlapping and pressed well down in the bottom. This must be done correctly or it will tear. Then comes a thin layer of wood-wool (wood shavings). Now the box is ready for packing. The packers have learned that there are two essentials to good boxing—honesty of sample and uniformity of grade. By honesty of sample alone can they establish a reputation for their brand; by uniformity of grade only can

they hope to obtain a tight pack. The apples must be packed quite tightly, and this is where the beginner usually fails. She is afraid to pack firmly, and her apples roll about and become bruised. It is different with the well packed box; in each layer there should be a distinct difficulty in fitting the final row into its place. Watch the packer when she comes to this point. She leans the flat of her arms from elbow to wrist on the



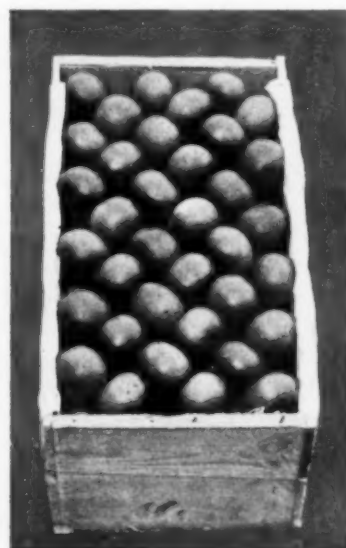
STANDARD BOX, NAILED UP.

Illustrating the "Bulge" which should be obtained.



TWO TWO "EYE UP" PACK.

For big apples.



THREE THREE "CHEEK" PACK.

For smaller apples with coloured cheek.

layer, and with the fingers just pulls it towards her, at the same time deftly slipping in the last row which will just hold the pack tight. The layer is quite firm; one might almost invert the box and they would remain stationary. There is no wood wool or paper between the layers, and the apples are not individually wrapped in paper except for export. The second layer fits into the "pockets" made by the first. A box takes four, five or six layers, according to the size of the fruit. The last layer should come a good inch above the top of the box in the centre; this is to give a "bulge," or "swell," to the box when the lid is nailed down. This acts as a natural spring to keep the fruits in place during transit, for the apples are sure to settle a little with vibration and evaporation. This "bulge," an all-important part of packing, is effected by the skill of the packer, who selects slightly larger apples as she approaches the centre rows of each layer. But her skill does not end here. The packer has to handle many varieties of apple and many shapes and sizes. It is for her to judge how to pack them. There are several distinct packs; the object is to make the box as attractive as possible, and to make it look well filled. Now, the packer will tell you that there are some apples with a pretty eye, others with a coloured cheek. The character of the apple dictates the pack, so that the most attractive character may appear uppermost when the box lid is removed. A Blenheim or a Cox's Orange Pippin will be packed "eye up," a Worcester Pearmain on the "cheek pack." Some varieties of apple have a characteristic swollen stalk (known as a "lemon strig"), such as Newton Wonder, and these sit best with a kind of "straight pack." Tall apples of the Codlin shape never look well packed "eye up," for when looking down on the box it appears but partially filled. For the same reason very large apples do not look well on the "cheek pack," though this pack is the easiest with which to make tight layers, for the apples fit well "cheek to eye." The skill is largely

in determining the right pack that will exactly fill the box and take a definite number of rows. By varying the packs in these three styles it can always be done. The packing consists in selecting fruit graded to size, shape and colour, and in building up straight or diagonal lines across the box so as to produce a really firm pack. The numbers on the diagrams show the order in which the fruit is placed. With nearly all sizes and varieties the rows run two, two; two, three; three, three; or even three, four, and by varying these packs the boxing can be accomplished in the standard box. The packing paper is then folded over, another thin layer of wood wool placed on top, and the box is nailed down on the press. Small wooden cleats are used in nailing down the top and bottom of the box: these act as a protection to the "bulge." The boxes are usually packed upside down—that is, the first layer placed by the packer in the bottom of the box is intended ultimately for the top. By this means a good and even face is best assured. In this way the best British apples are sent out to conquer new markets at home and abroad. As the industry becomes more general the conquest will become more easy. At present sometimes foreign demands exceed our home supply of boxed apples, but the annual Kent Commercial Fruit Show, held towards the end of October, grows every year. It is a show for boxed fruit only and is the pride of Kentish growers, as well as the wonder and admiration of foreign and Colonial visitors. More than one big American grower has gone back with "something to tell my friends across the water."

So scientific knowledge has come to help the fruit-grower, and, tempered with his own inborn experience, it has evolved a commercial success. It has evolved more; it has called into being an art, a cottage art, which trains the eye and hand to range of shape and colours, calling for neatness and dexterity, and lightens the burden of many a village home.

CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY.

## COLLECTING HORSES IN A FARMING DISTRICT.

**I**N another part of the paper Mr. Armour illustrates and describes the methods by which the Government is taking horses in a hunting district. In a farming district things are a little different. There is no more patriotic man in the United Kingdom than the typical English farmer. He is, as a rule, most eager to do all that

he can for the country, but in the present situation of affairs he is being tried rather too high; at any rate, in some districts. When the matter was raised in Parliament last Saturday, Mr. Tennant, answering Colonel Chaloner, said it distressed him to hear of the cases to which the honourable Member had drawn attention, and he promised to notify that horses used



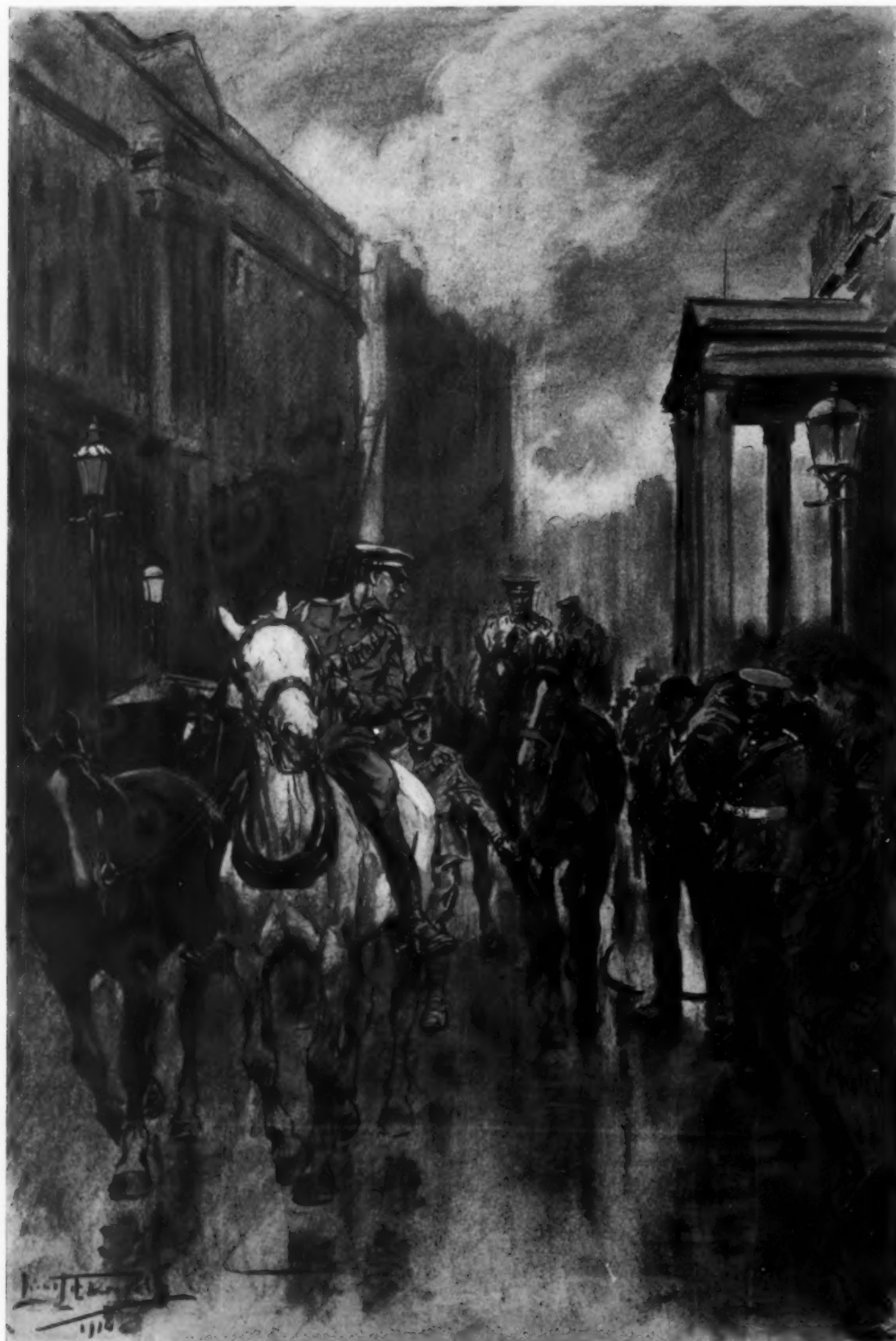
A COMMANDEERING PARTY.



for distribution of food and harvest operations should not be taken to a greater extent than fifty per cent. The usage has differed very much in localities. In some the farmers have had the whole of their horses taken away, and in others a large proportion of them, while very few counties have observed the indication made to them that it would be better to take

culture underestimated it at the beginning, and now find that it will suffice for five months instead of four. But, unfortunately, the weather has taken an unfavourable turn. St. Swithin was true to his word, and has sent rain every day since July 15th, and latterly in quantities that are embarrassing. The sheaves of ripe wheat are beginning to blacken as they

stand in the fields, and the small birds are devouring the grain. Now, the only chance for the farmer is that he should be able to get as many hands and horses to work as he possibly can whenever carting is possible. That is really why he views the taking of his horses with so much concern. The Board of Agriculture is doing all that it possibly can. Its latest advice is that where the farmer is bereft of his horses, neighbouring farmers, land-owners and land agents should interest themselves in remedying the misfortune. It would be good for a kindly old custom to be revived, and, where the farmer has grain outstanding and in a condition to be carried, for his friends to assemble and do the work for him. Many hands, according to the proverb, make light work. Around London, where there are many city people dwelling either at week-ends or continuously



"REQUISITION" HORSES ON THEIR WAY TO THE DEPOT.

fifty per cent. of the light horses and fifty per cent. of the heavy horses of the country. With the best heart in the world, farmers at the present moment must regard the taking away of their horses with rueful looks. On their fields stands, to a great extent in stocks, one of the finest crops that they have had for many years. The Board of Agri-

culture underestimated it at the beginning, and now find that it will suffice for five months instead of four. But, unfortunately, the weather has taken an unfavourable turn. St. Swithin was true to his word, and has sent rain every day since July 15th, and latterly in quantities that are embarrassing. The sheaves of ripe wheat are beginning to blacken as they





DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

which have not been worth taking, and by the donkeys and small ponies which here and there exist. At any rate, if the population in the country is animated with the spirit of helping one another, it should be possible to get the harvest in safely. The Board of Agriculture has suggested a way out of the difficulty by an appeal to the Automobile Club, and the members have already been so prompt and generous in placing their cars at the disposal of the Government that a ready reply can be counted on.

Perhaps it is not too soon to direct attention to another difficulty which the farmer will have to face. It is known that the intention this year was to sow a much larger area of wheat than has been grown for many years past. That this should be done is very desirable, but it will be difficult to accomplish without horses. We are quite aware that mechanical ploughs are used to some extent for the purpose, but it is not every field that is large enough for them to

operate in, and the farmers are probably right who select them when there is any deep or rough ploughing to be done, but prefer horses for the actual work of making a tilth and sowing the seed. We mention the matter because it is a concern for the nation that the wheat supply should be increased by all possible means. However, several weeks have to pass before the question of autumn sowing comes up for actual discussion. In the meantime we strongly urge some form of co-operation by means of which the animals of a countryside will be available for each farm in succession. After all, there are many weeks in which some of the farm horses are idle, and if they could be utilised on farm after farm, just as would be the case if the whole district belonged to one man, it would be astonishing how much work could be got over. The difficulty has arisen from causes over which no one had any control, and it is to be hoped that those concerned will bring their ingenuity to bear and do the very best they can.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WITH singular appropriateness there has just been published a book about *Belgium, Her Kings, Kingdom and People*, by John de Courcy Macdonnell (Long). This is no catch-penny volume got up to meet the interest of the passing hour, but a solid contribution to the literature of the subject, well written, well informed, obviously an outcome of long study and a finished and scholarly work. It will be welcomed all the more cordially because Belgium has been making history for the last fortnight. The defence of Liège will do much to consolidate the power and influence of Albert I., King of the Belgians, who has grown rapidly in popularity since he succeeded his uncle Leopold. Many of that brilliant assembly who gathered at Brussels to inaugurate the new reign just before the Christmas of 1909 will remember the impression created by the tall, rather thin, but pleasant and intelligent King. He looked stately, if a little antiquated, in the old military uniform of a general, such as had been worn by his grandfather and Leopold II., and although then a man approaching the prime of life, he still blushed as freely and ingenuously as a boy. He had succeeded to no bed of roses. Belgium's chequered history, ending in an industrial ascendancy, had caused the evolution of two great parties—the Catholics, who inherited old tradition, and the Socialists, who represented modern economic theory. To walk between them and still forego nothing of his own marked individuality was no small feat. In performing it Albert was greatly helped by his wife Queen Elizabeth, a small and slight looking lady, who had borne the rank of Duchess in Bavaria, and did not seem at first very fitted to sustain the dignity of her high position. But those who had made a hasty judgment based on appearances found themselves wrong. Albert and Elizabeth were to prove themselves able Royal rulers. Old King Leopold II. had resembled that English monarch who declared that he would not take off his boots till he went to bed, and though on public occasions cordial to his heir, had in private suppressed and snubbed him. But those who expected to find a weakling in the new King were speedily undeceived. King Albert's first act was to make a clean sweep of those who had been in King Leopold's service, from the highest Court official to the lowest groom—all were dismissed with appropriate recompense. In the work of reorganisation King Albert proved his possession of that gift invaluable to rulers—the knowledge of men by which he was able to fill the vacancies with those most suitable for them. A very greatly increased efficiency was the result.

Belgium has an industrial and a commercial population. According to the latest census, 1,204,810 people are engaged in agriculture, while those engaged in industry and commerce number 1,757,489. The country is admirably suited for husbandry. A good soil, a climate warmed by the Gulf Stream render growing easy. Nevertheless, the tendency is for the field to be forsaken for the factory. Belgium is the country of intensive cultivation, but to facilitate this the holdings have been too much divided and subdivided, so that the earnings from agriculture compare unfavourably with those derived from industry.

The footing on which the Army stands is due to Baron de Broqueville, the Prime Minister, who carried an Army Bill in 1913 which is the basis of the present military organisation. It provides that every young Belgian who is not incapacitated in any way should undergo a training. It was claimed, and

the claim no doubt holds good, that this measure doubled the strength of the Army and made it a real one, bringing up its effective to 300,000. General Leman, in his defence of Liège, has given the best testimony to the efficacy of the Prime Minister's Act. Thus, if we look at Belgium from any aspect, it is found to be one of the most active, intelligent and prosperous of the smaller communities, very enterprising and very modern in the best sense of the word.

### A ROMANCE OF FRANCE.

**Monsieur de Rochefort**, by H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.) IN *Monsieur de Rochefort* Mr. Stacpoole has taken us into the romantic days of France, those of 1770 or thereabouts. The book goes with a great swing, but it must be confessed that the hero is by no means Monsieur de Rochefort, but Dr. Sartines, the chief of the police; and the story somewhat loses interest when he leaves the stage. The heroine, if heroine she can be called, is the lovely but heartless Mademoiselle Fontrailles, or "The Flower of Martinique" as she was called. There is, however, Gavotte, the maid, another well known character in this type of romance, and the beautiful Dubarry must not be forgotten. This novel is not, perhaps, equal to the best work of Mr. Stacpoole, but it is an excellent yarn for holiday-time and journeyings, and as a blessed relief from the graver matters which engage the attention of us all.

### SHORT NOTES ON NOVELS.

**Jenny Cartwright**, by George Stevenson. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

A sympathetic character-study of the emotional religious temperament, and also a sombre and penetrating tale of the countryside. Jenny, in her shy, vague fashion, is a most lovable and appealing character on whom the author is to be congratulated. As a side issue, when he writes of Beatrice and Sir Philip Barrington, he strikes an unreal and forced note which is not in keeping with the sincerity of the countryside portion of the book.

**Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours**, by F. Warre Cornish. (John Murray, 6s.)

The pleasantly discursive history of a little group of people in a cathedral town. The book is imbued with the spirit of a cultured mind and the natural philosophy of one whose observations have brought him tolerance and a clear judgment. A very agreeable and attractive volume.

**Concerning a Vow**, by Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)

Miss Rhoda Broughton has a delightful saving sense of humour. *Concerning a Vow* has all the characteristic qualities of shrewd and kindly portraiture which have found for the author a sure place in the affections of many readers, and deservedly.

**The Jam Queen**, by Netta Syrett. (Methuen, 6s.)

The Jam Queen is quite an original personality, and the circle she draws about her is touched off with a light-heartedness that, while titling happily at several present-day cults, does not altogether conceal a certain degree of serious intention. An amusing novel.

**Wild Honey**, by Cynthia Stockley. (Constable, 6s.)

A gruesome and unhealthy imagination mars one or two of these stories. The collection, though on the whole dramatic and deeply imbued with the spirit of Africa, is marked by no particular distinction of style or treatment.

**Beth of this Parish**, by J. S. Fletcher. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

Mr. Fletcher has here written a story of a self-made man. That it fails to grip the reader is a pity, for there is much in the book to attract. It is well written, thoughtfully planned and carefully executed, yet the characters are sketchy and lack those slight touches that make for a clear understanding of the individuals portrayed, while the tale has no vital centre.

**Idle Wives**, by James Oppenheim. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

Though the intention of this novel is one of interest, the author has an unconvincing and facile manner that alienates the reader's attention from the point at issue. Good stuff is hidden under a tiresomely ornate flow of language; and at the end of the book the fact emerges that Mr. James Oppenheim has something worth saying, even if he has not succeeded in saying that something well.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## CAIRN TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article you printed a few weeks ago on Cairn terriers, more particularly as my family acquired, just forty-four



READY FOR ANYTHING.

years ago, a terrier such as Mr. Campbell would now give much to secure. Bought on the streets of Glasgow without a pedigree and carried home in a lady's muff, Charlie turned into a perfect dog, grey-wheaten in colour, with darker points. Unfortunately, the two photographs we have of him are not

available at the present moment; but for size, shape, coat and colour he was beyond anything I have seen since. He was very shrewd and extremely jealous, and my earliest recollections include being growled at by Charlie, aged and grey, but none the less self-opinionated. The type is still comparatively common in Perthshire, and in some few cases almost pure specimens may be had in the Menzies country, into which they were introduced (so it is said) by the famous Lady Menzies of Menzies some eighty years ago, and are known locally as Blackmount, Glenlyon and Lady Menzies

terriers. Our own, of whom I send a bad photograph, is an excellent little dog, descended direct from the Blackmount strain, and possessing all their vices and virtues—fidelity and jealousy, intelligence, gameness and a queer temper. He is ten years old now and getting portly, though not fat, but in his prime weighed fourteen pounds. His body is short, wiry, roomy in the chest and narrow in the loins, with perfectly straight forelegs and a light, dainty carriage. His coat is too full and heavy, but harsh, not woolly nor silky. The head is small, wide between the ears, the muzzle tapering,



SEVEN WEEKS OLD.

with small jaws and teeth like needles. He has never been tried with either fox or badger, but is a masterly ratter and rabbit, and once killed a well grown leveret by dint of intelligently anticipating its route and taking short cuts. He never provokes a fight, but fights like a demon, be the enemy big or little, and his personal tastes include love of music and a devotion to cats! He will come from anywhere in house or garden at the first notes of the piano, and lies listening in silent bliss. Besides his own cats he endeavours to make friends with every cat in the street! Hunting he is silent, and jumps about as if on watchsprings, and in spite of what has been called his "baby face," his jaws are deadly. His mother was a bright sandy red, with shaded points and speaking dark eyes, very game and excessively reserved and queer tempered, and the family included every shade of bracken and heather. Occasionally there had been whites, but the owner drowned them, as nobody wanted pale ones at the time. The other photograph shows five pups, aged seven weeks, nephews and nieces of my little dogs. There is one very marked difference between these little Highlanders, and the Aberdeens, apart from legs and head, namely, expression, which has none of the "varmint" look about it.—M. MCINTYRE WILSON.



OXEN AT WORK IN THE CANE FIELD.



THE TRODDEN CANE.

## PRIMITIVE SUGAR CULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The natives of Upper Egypt along the banks of the Nile mainly gain their livelihood from agriculture. Sugar-cane is one of the principal products, and the picture shows their method of grinding the cane preparatory to boiling, by which process it is converted into syrup. The cane is thrown on the ground, and oxen are driven round and round over the cane until it is quite broken up. I do not believe there is a single modern method used in the pursuit of agriculture by the native Egyptian. His plough is of wood, drawn by an ox, or quite often by his wife. The land is irrigated, for there is no rain, by most primitive methods, the water being dipped from the Nile with a bucket and poured over the land. There is no need to attempt to convert the Egyptian native, for his argument is that it was good enough for his ancestors and is good enough for him.—E. H.



## POND WAVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a mere about half a mile from Bradbourne



A STORM IN A TEACUP.

and circular in shape. I hope you will think it suitable for your paper.—  
WILLIAM E. L. HODSON.

## AN ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On the eve of Sir E. Shackleton's great expedition across the Antarctic



TRIP.

peacefully in the sunshine of an English garden, or that his gentle manners have gained control over the "wolf nature" that originally held such sway that it was found necessary to throw his food to him and avoid close contact with his hungry jaws!—PHEBE FISHER.

## SPORTSMEN AND THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sure you will agree with me that this is an important matter. What we owe in horses and men to hunting and polo is just now a commonplace. There are a number of hunting men and polo players who are not soldiers who will desire to take their share. I have seen proposals that, for example, polo players should form a corps of mounted rifles. But in so serious a business as the present war I think that such action is to be deprecated. What sportsmen ought to do is to strengthen the existing organisations and join either the Army or the Territorial Forces. We ought to behave as far as possible as if there were conscription and every citizen soldier was at the disposal of the authorities. There should be no picking and choosing, but each able-bodied man should serve in the way that is selected for him by the authorities. I am in favour of every sportsman doing his duty and more, but not of separate action apart from the military machinery of the country. If we do this as a nation we shall to a certain extent justify the fact that we have no universal service. There is another point. Are we to keep our sports going as far as possible? The answer is, Yes. When the first suspense is over we who must stay at home should try to keep hunting alive, for the sake of those in the forefront of the battle, showing the world, what many of us have always known, that the athlete and sportsman is two-thirds a soldier and all a fighting man. With fewer hounds and mounted on ponies (it will be our pride that all our hunt horses have gone to the front)—we must try to keep fox-hunting alive.—X.



THE BAKER CALLS.

## A CAT DIVING FOR RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day, when walking by the river Welland, I saw the following singular occurrence. It might be of interest, so I send it: A rather lean white cat crossed the road in front of me and crouched on a low stone wall at the edge of the water. I walked up close to it, but the cat took no notice, but crouched lower, evidently intent on some object among the weeds. Suddenly it dived straight into the water, and emerged a moment after carrying a huge brown rat in its mouth. It gave the rat a shake and apparently paralysed it as it made no motion, and then trotted off with its prey into a neighbouring doorway. There was a foot or more of water, thickly overgrown with weeds at the place.  
—F. J. ERSKINE.

## A SURVIVAL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old village market cross which has this interest: that, while the village has disappeared, the cross remains. It stood formerly in the village of Preston, on the wind-swept flats of Kirkbean Parish, on the north coast of the Solway Firth. When the "Statistical Account of Scotland" was written in 1795, there were three villages in the parish—Kirkbean, Preston and Salterness—but no trace of Preston remains. The cross was unearthed about the middle of last century in the course of digging operations, and re-erected beside East Preston farmhouse. It is made of freestone, measures 6ft. 4in. in height and 2ft. 2in. across the arms, and bears no inscription or carving of any kind.—C. H. DICK.



THE OLD MARKET CROSS.

## REFRESHMENT BY THE WAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While coming down to Brigne and the railway from the seldom trodden paths round Bel Alp, we chanced to halt at a tiny inn in a village as picturesque as dirt could make it. Our refreshment was served in a large summer house, and while we were there the peasant appeared whose duty it is to climb periodically up from Naters with the village bread. Habit and strong teeth enable the villagers to eat it very stale, which is just as well, since it remains moist scarcely half a day. No one in these summer villages has time or equipment for the making of bread, so the basket of quaint long loaves makes a welcome appearance. Mine hostess signified her pleasure by bringing out a bottle of beer to the hot and thirsty toiler, and sat with him on the bench while he drank it outside the little wooden inn.—L. E. WALLER.